

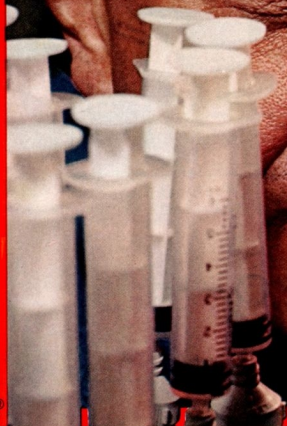
FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 19, 1973

TIME

Toward Control of CANCER

Immunologist
Robert Good



**What takes long trips,
hard knocks, and gets a family
anywhere without a wrinkle?**



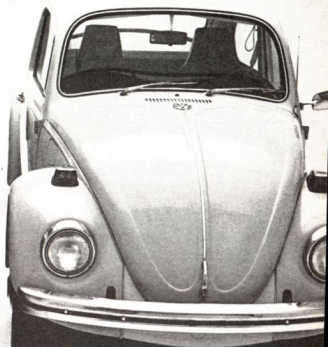
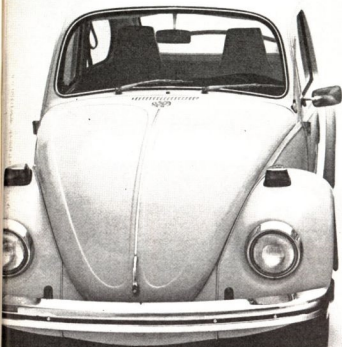
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

CANCER, mankind's most feared disease, has been stubbornly resisting the onslaught of medicine since the days of Hippocrates. It is today the second leading cause of death in the U.S. (after heart disease) and a subject of intensive study by researchers around the world. One of the foremost of these is this week's cover subject, Dr. Robert Good, director of New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. Dr. Good specializes in immunology, using the body's own natural defenses to fight cancer. In recent weeks, he has been sharing his experiences with Medicine Writer Peter Stoler who, aided by Reporter-Researcher Andrea Chambers, wrote and did much of the reporting for this week's cover story.

Stoler and Good, it turned out, have more in common than their interest in immunology. The scientist, a onetime country boy, and the reporter, an incurable morning jogger, are both early risers. Their initial meeting was over lunch, but they subsequently had most of their discussions in Good's office from 6 a.m. to 8 or 9 a.m. Last month both attended a Florida conference on immunology, and while fellow conferees slept, Stoler and Good continued their talks over chilled orange juice, watching the sun rise over St. Petersburg.

Not all of Stoler's sources greeted the day at dawn, however, and during more civilized hours he interviewed cancer researchers from the University of Wisconsin, the University of California and the National Institutes of Health, as well as representatives from a number of cancer treatment centers. What began to emerge was solid evidence that immunology might well lead to a successful control of cancer. "The problem now," cautions Stoler, "is that doctors can't make it work all the time or with everybody. There's no 'magic bullet' yet for cancer, but this seems to be one of the most encouraging developments in years."

A former newspaper reporter and radio-documentary writer, Stoler began writing TIME's Medicine section 2½ years ago and now cuts his way through eight to ten medical journals a week. "I understand things to terms that I can understand, and I figure if I can understand them, I can make the reader understand them," he says. "The challenge is to take a fairly complex procedure and explain it in simple, everyday language without losing any accuracy."

His early interviews with Good behind him, Stoler is back to running two miles before breakfast each weekday morning, sometimes seven or eight miles on the weekends. "I suppose everybody has got his hang-up," he says a trifle defensively. "I'm hooked on exercise." And on early mornings.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Bill Pierce.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Brer, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 101 No. 12 © 1973 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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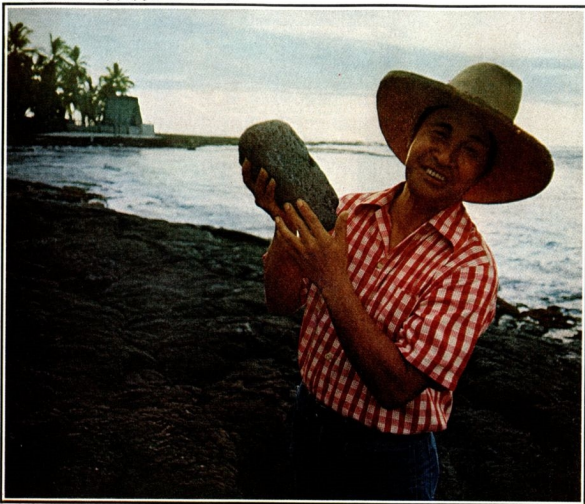
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Photographed at The City of Refuge, Kona Coast, Hawaii



Ask him about the rock singers of Hawaii.

He'll be happy to tell you the story of Hawaii's stones because he loves the legend. He also loves to scare visitors a little.

It seems that if you remove the lava stones from one of our ancient Hawaiian heiaus, or shrines, the stones—are you ready for this?—the stones sing at night. A kapu (Hawaiian taboo) has been placed on them. So they emit a sort of wailing lament until they're replaced on the shrine.

Do we really believe this? Let's put it this way. People who live in the Islands look to sources other than heiaus for their building materials.

The old magic is still alive and well in modern Hawaii. A kahuna, or priest, still blesses the sites of our new buildings.

The spectral figures of a vanquished army are still seen marching on nights when the moon is right.

And in our Chinese New Year celebrations, we still use the traditional gongs, drums and fireworks to drive off demons.

But there's another kind of magic here, too. One we think you'll enjoy even more on your visit.

It's the spirit of the people. A waitress who really seems to care whether you enjoy your meal. A driver who stops to let you cross an intersection.

And, perhaps most of all, it's the place

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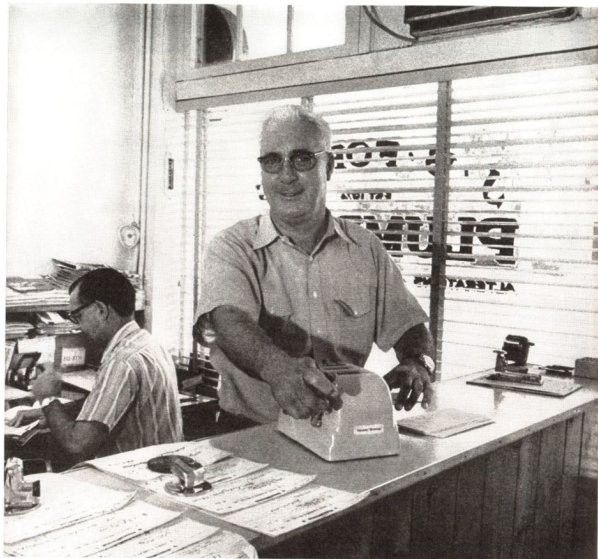
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Hawaii

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Who Devalued the Dollar?

Sir / The American dollar was not devalued by George Shultz [Feb. 26]. Richard Nixon or any other world monetary leader. It was devalued by the American people. We have beaten a path to German and Japanese doors because, quite simply, foreign goods are more attractive to buy and own than some shoddy American items. Producers in the country should stand on their own merits, not on a platform supported by protective tariffs and artificial barriers.

STEVEN K. PETERSON
Playa del Rey, Calif.

Sir / If, as George Shultz proclaimed almost with pride, "there can be no doubt we have achieved a major improvement" by devaluing the dollar 10%, and if, as Nixon himself told us, we so vastly improved the economy by the previous 8% devaluation, then why not take advantage of a good thing and devalue, say, 99%? The remaining 1% would serve to prove we are not totally greedy—and then, too, the dollar should retain some worth. I suppose, otherwise we might reach an economic utopia before America is psychologically prepared. Who knows what sort of mass delirium might be triggered if everything could be bought with absolutely worthless dollars?

CHARLES C. REN JR.
Sebastopol, Calif.

Down on the Farm Prices

Sir / You correctly state in your Essay "Time to Plant a New Farm Policy" [Feb. 26], that increased meat prices are a result of increased consumer demand at a low point in the meat-supply cycle. But are farm prices too high? I believe not. The consumer will have to pay a fair price in the market or subsidize the farmer directly with a grant, as you suggest. In fact, Americans spend a lower percentage of their disposable income for food than any other industrialized nation in the world.

RICHARD H. CAMPBELL
Sidney, Ohio

Sir / Farmers will be relieved to have some of the present farm programs dropped. They are well aware of the inequities, but the farmer has to make a living also. If the farmer gets less income from the Government, the price of food cannot decline. Someone has to pay the cost. The Government will have to exert some control to see that there is a sufficient food supply. If one goes to buy a car, he can wait several weeks; but who can wait for a loaf of bread?

JOHN A. DUFOSSE
Ringoos, N.J.

The Rewards of REAP

Sir / Your article "REAPing a Budgetary Whirlwind" [Feb. 5] states that few urban Americans have ever heard of REAP, Rural Environmental Assistance Program, which you describe as a "classic case of an originally worthwhile program that has outlived its usefulness." I do not believe that your attempt to acquaint the American public with REAP reflects our experience with the program in Nebraska.

In Nebraska, soil runoff is still our most serious water pollutant, and dust is our No. 1 air pollutant. Through REAP, the likelihood of devastating floods has been reduced, public recreational opportunities have been provided, and the program has

Go ahead, sell your own home, you riverboat gambler, you.

You might get lucky and save a buck or two.

A lot of folks have tried to sell their own homes and succeeded. A lot more have just tried.

Most people realize that selling your own home can be a costly, time-consuming, even risky affair. And unless you're just naturally lucky, you need the help of a professional Realtor. He can save you a lot of time and headaches. For a lot of good reasons.

If you're thinking about selling your own home, maybe you should consider some of them.

What's your price?

The first thing a Realtor can do for you is recommend a fair and reasonable asking price.

Do it yourself and you will probably ask too much or too little. Either way, you lose.

And don't be fooled by the belief you know pretty well what your home is worth. Market demand, seasonality of sales, location and many other variables often alter your home's value.

A skilled Realtor knows all about these things. Most important, he knows people.

Don't talk to strangers.

If you love talking to strange people at strange hours, by all means sell your home yourself. That "For Sale by Owner" sign in your front yard means you're fair game for everyone—even those passers-by who "just kinda wanted to see what the place looked like."

That sign may not get all the prospects you want, either. You may have to advertise. And that means phone calls at all hours.

A Realtor can solve these problems. First of all, he will screen the prospects. He'll know their needs, desires and financial situation. And he'll know who is seri-

ously looking for a new home and who is just looking.

Best of all, he'll show your house only when it's convenient for you.

That beautiful art.

Okay, tiger. You're selling your own home. You know the needs and desires of your prospective buyers. And you know what to say, how to present your home to convince them. Right?

Wrong.

Realtors are trained in the art of salesmanship. (And believe us, it is an art.) His study of sales techniques has shown him how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind; how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out.

After all, selling is what it's all about.

Formal negotiations.

What happens when a prospective buyer makes you an offer—one that's well below your asking price?

You're going to argue. And that's the worst thing you could do.

As a principal, you'll discover it's pretty hard to bargain with a buyer—to negotiate about such things as price, terms and possessions. Misunderstandings may crop up. And those small disagreements can spoil a sale.

When a Realtor helps sell your home, he takes on the difficult task of negotiation. He's sort of a go-between and advisor. And he's objective. He'll tell you when the buyer is right. And he'll tell you when to stick to your guns.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over, or completely avoid, those sale-killing misunderstandings.

How to shop for money.

Many prospective buyers don't know much about financing—how or where to get a mortgage.

Sell your home yourself, and there's not much you can do to help him.

A Realtor knows just about all there is to know about financing. He works very closely with all kinds of financial institutions. He knows their methods and requirements.

Very simply, he can help your buyer find the money he needs to buy your house.

Red tape.

Selling a house involves many details. Paperwork, title searches, finance arrangements. There are a hundred little things to be done.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through the tangle of details as painlessly and safely as possible.

Be it ever so humble.

Crowded closets may make a home look lived in, but it doesn't do much for a prospective buyer. Neither does a dripping faucet, unkempt lawn or loose doorknob.

There are dozens of little things you can do to make your house more saleable. A Realtor can show them to you. (Some of them would never have occurred to you.)

Showmanship is all it's cracked up to be.

In conclusion.

You may be wondering why Chicago Title Insurance Company cares about how you sell your home. After all, we're in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not selling it. It's just that after serving title needs for over 125 years, we've come to know how important Realtors are and how much they can help you.

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How to get some of the best seats in Europe—at plays, operas, nightclubs! Here's everything you need to know about KLM's new "Air Tour of the Performing Arts."

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T-6

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LETTERS

contributed significantly to increased productivity in agriculture, which in turn gives the American consumer relatively low food costs.

But perhaps the most important benefit stemming from REAP is the continued maintenance and improvement of the productivity of this nation's land and water resources for future generations.

GOVERNOR JAMES LEXON
Lincoln, Neb.

The Libyan Jet

Sir / Who, in Israel, could possibly have been in any immediate danger from a civil airliner lost over a trackless desert miles from populated areas [March 5]?

The "plot" put forward by the Israelis to justify their action is at best a manifestation of national paranoia, which may yet prove to be the undoing of a nation born with the good wishes of the greater part of humanity. We are reminded that

*Pride goeth before destruction
and a haughty spirit before a fall.*

JOHN O. HART
Mississauga, Ont.

Sir / They asked him to land. He refused. So they shot him down.

The fact that he was piloting a totally harmless, comparatively slow-moving commercial airliner seems not to have entered the minds of the Israeli airmen.

Moreover, after killing innocent people, the Israelis packed them in crates and dispatched them with prayers. Prayers for whom?

It is the killers who need prayers, not those who were killed.

SHARKEEL MOZAFFAR
Austin, Texas

Sir / While I frankly am no particular friend of the Israelis, how else could they reasonably react under the circumstances?

Their finest athletes have recently been assassinated by desperadoes, some of whom could have easily been on that Libyan plane. The Israelis have had too many bitter experiences with guerrillas, saboteurs, spies and letter-bombs.

ALFRED A. HEMPHILL
Lake Oswego, Ore.

Author! Author!

Sir / In your review of my novel *The Spanish Soldier* [Feb. 19], my name is misspelled not only in the title but in the body of the article.

This is a matter of more than a little importance to me.

HERBERT BURKHOLZ
Ibiza, Spain

Divine Amusement

Sir / Once again something old looks very new. The "Jesus deck" of the U.S. Games System cards [Feb. 19] would have sold well in the late 18th century. Moravians, Methodists and even Baptists of the era silenced gossiping tongues and profitably filled idle hours with "Draw Cards," "Divine Amusement" and "Mr. Charles Wesley's Scripture Cards."

DAVID LEON HIGDON
Lubbock, Texas

Sagging Singles

Sir / Since I am also a divorcee and the mother of a large family of teen-agers, I identify strongly with Pat Loud of *An*

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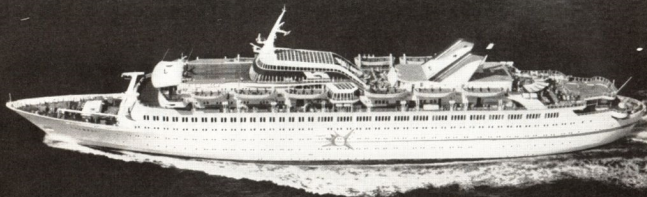
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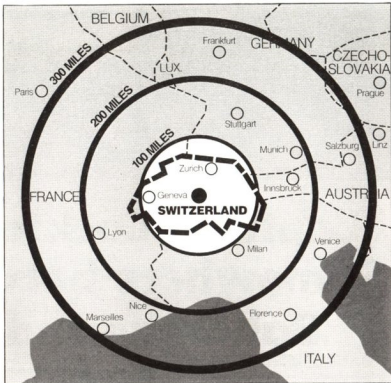
Swissair will fly you to either Geneva or Zurich. Put you in a car with unlimited mileage. And

send you on your way. For as little, or as long, as you want.

But you're not just starting off from a logical place, you're in a logical country. Why else would we give you gobs of beautiful Swiss scenery to drive through? Majestic Alps. Medieval cities. And the greenest valleys. Switzerland is certainly a picture postcard. But eventually you'll stop taking pictures and discover our people. Our art, music, poetry, ideas. You'll discover that we Swiss were very logical when we put our country together.

We were also very logical about geography. We're smack dab in the middle of Europe. And since we've been taking good care of travelers for literally hundreds of years, you can believe us when we say we're a sort of home away from your own. And like a good home should, we have nice neighbors. Ours are called France, Italy, Germany and Austria. You're close enough to visit any one of them for lunch. Or if you want, for a few days or weeks. And you always have Switzerland to come back to.

Our logic also tells us that some of you may want to do a little car touring away from the center of



Europe. So we've arranged packages that combine Switzerland with countries like Spain, England, Yugoslavia, Denmark and Austria.

Of course we Swiss are also quite logical about money. We've made it cheaper to rent a car in Switzerland because there is no sales tax on the rental. Which is not only logical. But quite practical. That's why, for example, we can fly you from Chicago to Zurich for two weeks, give you a car, two nights in a first-class hotel and the other nights in a guest house, for only

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LETTERS

American Family [Feb. 26]. I couldn't help wondering what her reactions were to her former husband being described as a "swinging bachelor."

In my experience the wear and tear of raising children alone removes a woman indefinitely from the "swinging single" category. In fact, the only term I can think of to describe myself is "sagging single."

MARY ISENBERG
Palm Springs, Calif.

Sir / After 20-plus years of marriage and five children, Bill Loud is described as a "swinging bachelor" by *TIME*. Wouldn't "swinging divorcee" be a more appropriate description?

I suppose we're lucky you didn't describe Pat as "an old maid living with four of her children."

JOY LAWRENCE
Newtown Square, Pa.

School Frustration

Sir / Being from Detroit I was very interested in your article on our public schools [Feb. 19]. We are not, however, "venting our frustrations against taxes" when we defeat school millage proposals. The problem lies in the fact that people are dissatisfied with the products of our school system. I have met two "students," holding diplomas from a Detroit high school, who could not read!

Pouring money into a system like this will not solve the problem but perpetuate it.

JOHN THOMPSON
Detroit

Sir / I am tired of having white flight blamed for nationwide school problems. Why can't the things we flee be blamed? Do you think, given any choice, I will send a gentle, shy daughter to our area high school

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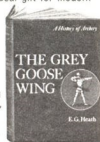
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.



Menthol or Regular

LETTERS

when students have been attacked and injured there this year?

Why not blame the thugs who try to terrorize everyone, black and white, student and teacher alike, and quit whipping the middle class? We have tried to stay in the public school system and in an integrated neighborhood, but we are being literally pushed out of the public schools and may well be pushed out of our neighborhood some day. I hope not.

MRS. DOUGLAS W. KIRKLAND
Dallas

Cleaning Out the Fold

Sir / Re the evangelical campaign Key 73 [Feb. 19]: I suggest that the churches eager to win souls for Christ should start by first cleaning out their own folds. If Christian virtue—as practiced, not as preached—is going to be the reason for conversion, then Judaism and other persuasions need not be concerned about the possible loss of their numbers.

JOSEPH VINCI
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Sir / We Jews already live in an overwhelming Christian environment and are bombarded with its message day and night. To heighen that bombardment, however, and seek the destruction of the Jewish faith is a negation of this country's basic beliefs.

Key 73 will not succeed.
BARBARA ANN SHELTON
Peoria, Ill.

Sir / There are more than 6,000,000 Jews in the U.S. representing more than 6,000,000 completely different interpretations of their faith.

Should Christians ever be successful in converting the Jews, they will rue the day.

EDDIE GERSHATER
Dallas

Sir / The Christian evangelical movement exists not to force-feed those who do not wish to be fed, but to share the joy of our faith with those who are hungry.

STACY MACLEOD
Brookline, Mass.

Sir / The rabbis against Key 73 might be the spokesmen of the majority of Jews. I as a Jew, however, have come to believe in Christ, and I'm thankful for all of the gentle Christians who dealt with me kindly and lovingly when my own response to their religion was one of hostility. The rabbis don't speak for all of the Jews, and they certainly don't speak for me.

MOISHE ROSEN
Corte Madera, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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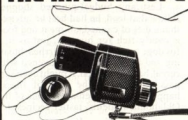
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AMERICAN NOTES

Proclaiming a Crisis Past

On the radio last week, President Nixon made the surprising declaration that in urban America "the hour of crisis has passed." With that assessment, he brushed aside a decade or more of contentions that the nation's great cities were besieged, impoverished and in danger of decay. To support his official optimism, Nixon cited some cheery generalizations: civil disorders have declined; crime rates have fallen in more than half the major cities; finances have improved; the air is getting cleaner. Every one of those assertions is either partially true or partially misleading.

Racial tensions are not at the flare point of the mid-1960s, yet friction is rarely far from the surface, particularly in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and Newark. Crimes against property have been leveling, but violent crimes against people continue to stalk the urban areas. Many cities are doing better financially than in recent years, but the nation's five biggest—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit—are either in the red or otherwise financially troubled.

To be sure, the term "crisis" has been banded about all too broadly in discussing urban ills. Some cities, including San Francisco, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Denver and Portland, have not really been in a crisis. But of those that were—mostly in the Northeast and

Midwest—few if any are really any more livable now than when Nixon assumed office. The President could justly claim that the cities at least have not fallen apart and that there are significant improvements here and there, with a true test still ahead as the effects of Nixon's budget and revenue sharing work themselves out. But the President's exaggerated, crisis-ending rhetoric was inevitably reminiscent of Vermont Senator George Aiken's celebrated 1966 advice on how the U.S. could disengage from Viet Nam: declare the war won and pull out.

To Each His Bone

With wholesale food costs alone going up at an annual rate of 56% over the last three months, two University of Oklahoma seniors cooked up a way to beat the high cost of eating. Terry Arnall and Jerry Dizmang switched to a dog-food diet for every meal last week. "I'm tired of paying 99¢ for a pound of hamburger that just fries away," growled Arnall. "I'd rather pay \$1.52 for a ten-pound sack of dog food."

Last any budget-pinched shopper follow that lead, he had best be advised that a diet of canned, all-meat dog food is overly rich for humans, just as it is for dogs, and can lead to diarrhea, bloating and bad breath. But leavened with cereal-based dog food, it might even surpass in nutrients the diets of snack-happy American teen-agers. One of the Oklahoma students' tastier recipes, for

instance, calls for two cups of Gaines Gravy Train, heated with water, salt, pepper and garlic. That provides much more protein and vitamin A and B, than does a lunch of a three-ounce hamburger with French fries and a cola—at about one-tenth of the cost. Said Arnall: "The dog is eating better than we are." Well, cheaper, anyhow.

Hash in Washington

Has the quality of marijuana slipped lately? Too little kick in the kilo? Too much straw in the stash? The zillionth study commission, this one consisting of 38 eminent citizens of Washington, D.C., and put together by Mayor Walter E. Washington, seems to have a solution. Its proposal: Government regulation of the growth, processing and sale of the controversial weed.

Echoing many other such groups, Washington's advisory committee concluded that marijuana alone is neither hazardous nor detrimental to physical or mental health, and its use should not be a criminal offense. But the commission went a long step further by suggesting Government supervision of production and marketing, ostensibly to keep it from the underworld. Mayor Washington, realistically appraising the mood on Capitol Hill, has no intention of asking Congress for enabling legislation.

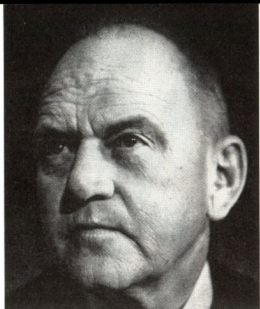
Reprieve for Peter Rabbit

"Now and then Farmer Brown will frown on the old briar patch and call it wasteland and threaten to clear away all the bushes and trees," wrote Author Thornton Burgess in 1947, in "The Old Briar Patch." But in the end Farmer Brown always decided to save the patch—and so last week did the town of Sandwich, Mass. (pop. 5,000). By unanimous vote, the 800 citizens decided to spend \$200,000 to buy up 57 acres of meadows, ponds and forest, including the five acres of bull and cat briars that harbored such Burgess creatures as Reddy Fox, Jobby Coon, Jimmy Skunk and, of course, Peter Rabbit.

The people of Sandwich were fearful that real estate developers might have plowed under the old patch and constructed more of the motels and quick-food outlets that already blight much of Cape Cod. Farmer Brown's son would have approved. When his father grew doubtful about preserving the patch, the boy would remind him: "It is the safest place anywhere for some of our most useful friends in fur and feathers. You know it is."



"Everything is Better 'Tul....."



L. PATRICK GRAY III AT CONFIRMATION HEARING



JOHN W. DEAN III



HERBERT KALMBACH



DWIGHT CHAPIN



DONALD H. SEGRETTI

THE ADMINISTRATION

Deepening Doubts About the Top Cop

THE Senate confirmation hearings for L. Patrick Gray III, President Nixon's choice to succeed J. Edgar Hoover as director of the FBI, assumed new and dark dimensions last week. They not only demonstrated that Gray, the acting director since last May, might well be Nixon's least defensible appointment so far. They also revealed among high officials of the Nixon Administration and the President's re-election committee a disturbing callousness toward the law, toward proper investigative procedure and toward the truth.

Once again an aura of deception and a chummy kind of mutual self-protection emanated from the all too familiar Watergate wiretapping and bugging conspiracy of last June. But now it was not so much the fact that seven paid agents of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President had carried out that political espionage operation against Democratic National Headquarters, although their conviction for doing so was serious in itself. The hearings on Gray disclosed that he took at face value almost every denial of White House involvement, even though many Washington observers at least speculated that the responsibility might rest there. Gray, it turns out, had obediently turned over to the White House more than 80 FBI reports on its Watergate investigation.

Gray defended this practice on the grounds that he was just "part of the chain of command" that leads to the White House. That is an appallingly limited vision of the role of the FBI, which under Hoover had proudly maintained its independence from eight Presidents and served as a nonpartisan in-

vestigative agency to aid evenhanded justice. Indeed, the Gray nomination has led some liberals to yearn almost nostalgically for the days of Hoover, despite all their previous complaints about the cantankerous FBI chief.

Quiz. The possibility of White House connections to the Watergate scandal was obvious the moment the names of the arrested men were revealed. They included G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt Jr., both of whom had worked for the White House before transferring to the Nixon re-election committee. FBI agents did quiz 14 White House officials, but the questioning took place only in the presence of John W. Dean III, a White House attorney asked by the President to conduct an "in-house" investigation of the case. It should have been apparent to Gray that the presence of a White House attorney could well discourage other presidential aides from telling the full story. Gray also permitted attorneys for the Nixon committee to be present when the FBI interviewed 58 employees of the committee. When three of them later asked to see agents again outside the presence of committee lawyers, this was done—but Gray, incredibly, then turned transcripts of these interviews over to Dean at the White House.

Gray also revealed that he had given Dean transcripts of telephone calls to and from Democratic headquarters that had been intercepted by the wiretappers. Thus whatever information they had illegally obtained was made available to the White House.

In addition, said Gray under questioning, he gave Dean a transcript of interviews that the FBI had with Donald

H. Segretti. He is the California lawyer who was cited in FBI reports as having been hired by the Nixon committee to try to disrupt the campaigns of Democratic candidates. The Washington Post claimed that White House aides showed the transcript to Segretti and used it to help coach him prior to his appearance before the Watergate grand jury. Asked about this by Gray, Dean denied that he or anyone else at the White House had shown the reports to Segretti, and Gray did not press him.

These actions by Gray were all the more remarkable for a particular reason: in the Watergate trial, testimony by Jeb Magruder, deputy director of the Nixon committee, indicated that it was Dean who had first recommended that Liddy be hired by the committee because of his background in "investigative and intelligence" activity. To Senators' questions, Gray insisted: "We never had any reason to conjecture that [Dean] was compromised by Watergate...He was the counsel to the President."

Gray began shifting ground on various aspects of his increasingly shaky testimony. Some examples:

► Two weeks ago, Gray had insisted that the White House and Republican political considerations had played no part in his decision to speak to the Cleveland City Club at the height of Nixon's campaign. He went, he said, because he had been directly invited by the club. Last week he reversed himself and conceded that he had never received a direct invitation. In fact, the invitation had gone to the White House, not directly to Gray, and he had agreed to go—after reading a White House

THE NATION

memo saying that "Ohio is crucial to our hopes." Referring to his earlier testimony, he said: "I misspoke myself—some may say I lied."

► Gray at first testified that his agents had wanted to question Martha Mitchell, wife of the former Attorney General and head of the Nixon committee, regarding anything she might know about the Watergate affair. But John Mitchell, Gray said, did not want her quizzed, and "as a courtesy," Gray did not pursue the matter. Last week he changed his explanation, contending that Mitchell had later agreed to such an interview but said that Martha had no relevant information on Watergate—and so Gray dropped it. Last June—just five days after the Watergate bugging—Mrs. Mitchell claimed that she had been kicked and held down by a Nixon committee security agent in a California motel while a doctor gave her an injection, all in an attempt to keep her quiet about what she called the "dirty business" going on in Washington.

Perhaps sensing that the hearings were hurting him, Gray pleaded with the Judiciary Committee to report his nomination promptly to the full Senate. "I have attempted to answer every question," he said. "You are not buying a pig in a poke." Almost abjectly, he described himself as innocently caught in a crossfire: "Now in the middle stands your humble and obedient servant, Pat Gray." Under heavy questioning by California Democrat John

Tunney, Gray said wistfully at one point: "I enjoyed my visit to your office, and I thought there was some affinity there." Claiming that "the FBI needs a leader," Gray urged speedy action. This led Massachusetts Democrat Edward Kennedy to observe aloud that Nixon had taken a long time to present Gray's nomination.

Some Senators said that they will recall Gray to testify further this week. They will also ask White House Counsel Dean to appear, though Nixon has already said that he would plead the right of Executive privilege to keep him from testifying.

The fate of Gray's nomination remains in doubt, but it has become increasingly clear that he holds no notable qualifications for the post. After a 20-year career as an officer in the Navy, Gray practiced law in Connecticut, dealing primarily in wills, taxes and estates rather than crime. He joined the Nixon Administration in 1969, first as an executive assistant at HEW, later as an Assistant Attorney General under John Mitchell. Moreover, his subservience to the Nixon Administration is so complete that it is all but certain that if he is approved, any future Democratic Administration would replace him. That would turn the FBI directorship into the kind of political-patronage post that would seriously damage its reputation for impartial law enforcement. The politicization of the FBI is something that J. Edgar Hoover—to his lasting credit—never permitted.



THE MAYOR BOWING OUT

NEW YORK

Lindsay's Curtain Call

*Should I? Shouldn't I?
Should I? Shouldn't I?
Do I want four more years
Of endless headaches, worries and
woes?*

Singing and soft-shoeing, Mayor John Lindsay conveyed his dilemma to an appreciative audience of political reporters at New York City's annual Inner Circle Dinner two weeks ago. Should he or should he not run for a third four-year term as mayor of the nation's biggest and toughest-to-govern city? A few days later, he had made up his mind: he would not.

In recognition of his Thespian talents, he was more or less seriously offered a leading role in the Broadway production of *Sleuth*; but he plans to stick to politics despite his disastrous showing in last year's presidential primaries, after he switched from Republican to Democrat. Now 51, he may run for Governor against his archfoe Nelson Rockefeller in 1974, or he may wait until 1976 to challenge Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley. By then, he can only hope that New Yorkers will have forgotten how much they disliked him as a mayor.

When first elected in 1965, he seemed to be the answer to the city's fervent prayers. He was young, dashing, committed, uncorrupted—in the Kennedy mold. He showed a flair for the dramatic gesture. During the ghetto riots of the late 1960s, he walked with head held high through the streets of Harlem, and behind the scenes negotiated adroitly with potential ghetto troublemakers. New York avoided the explosions that hit many other of the nation's big cities.

But the man who behaved with such

Really Only Hearsay, Gentlemen?

SOME unexpected byproducts came out of the Senate confirmation hearings for L. Patrick Gray III. They showed that in one case Nixon Administration officials falsely denied reports that linked the White House with the Watergate affair.

The case involves the complex dealings of three men: Dwight L. Chapin, who was the President's appointments secretary at the time of the Watergate bugging; Herbert W. Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney; and Donald Segretti, a California lawyer who Justice Department officials say has admitted trying to disrupt the campaigns of Democratic presidential candidates last year. In October, several publications, including *TIME* and the *Washington Post*, reported that Chapin had hired Segretti and that Kalmbach had paid Segretti out of funds collected by Nixon's re-election committee.

This brought protests from the White House. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler charged that such reports were based "on hearsay, character assassination, innuendo or guilt by association." A White House release

quoted Chapin as calling the reports "fundamentally inaccurate." Clark MacGregor, Nixon's campaign manager, insisted that "Dwight Chapin just simply was not involved in any way." He said such stories were inspired by "George McGovern and his partner in mudslinging, the *Washington Post*."

Last week Gray informed the Senate Judiciary Committee that 1) Chapin had admitted to the FBI that he had arranged the recruiting and hiring of Segretti, and 2) Kalmbach similarly had admitted to federal agents that he had paid Segretti \$30,000 to \$40,000 in a six-month period beginning in September 1971. Kalmbach had also told FBI agents, *TIME* learned, that he was authorized to spend up to \$300,000 in Nixon-committee funds for "security" operations. Gray gave no hint of this to the Judiciary Committee.

The hearings disclosed that such findings by the FBI were being transmitted to the White House—and that officials there, if not MacGregor, thus had reason to know that their denials were untrue.

gallantry on the streets or with such panache before the TV cameras had little patience with the everyday details of running a city. He was an indifferent administrator at best, and had a way of converting the daily conflicts of government into moral crises. Annoyed at having to bargain with people whom he felt to be wrong, he tended to rebuke them, thus stiffening their resistance to compromise. They were further alienated by his often flippant attitude that bordered on arrogance.

In his first term, he was plagued with municipal strikes: first the transportation workers, then the sanitation men, then the teachers. He got the worst of both worlds: the unions won unprecedented, budget-breaking settlements and yet hated him all the more for his haughty posture. If he was attentive to the needs of blacks, he was often remarkably insensitive to the feelings of other ethnic groups in the city. He casually backed the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experiment that eventually pitted black militants against the largely Jewish teachers union in a struggle for control of a school district. Latent ethnic antagonisms erupted brutally into the open, making integration all the harder to accomplish.

Stolen. Laxness infected his whole administration. The relief rolls more than doubled. Thousands of male drug addicts were added to welfare on the doubtful grounds that they could not hold jobs. The Human Resources Administration was shot through with scandal. Huge amounts were stolen or wasted in the poverty program.

The mayor ignored reports of police corruption until press coverage finally forced him to appoint the Knapp Commission, which then criticized him for not acting sooner.

A clutch of eager Democratic candidates is maneuvering energetically to replace Lindsay. Though they will not have the mayor to kick around in the campaign, all will run on an anti-Lindsay platform. The leading contender is City Controller Abe Beame, 67, a reliable if unexciting party wheelhorse. A fiscal conservative who is described by a state legislator as a "1950s liberal," Beame recalls for many New Yorkers a happier, more secure era. Competing with Beame for the moderate-to-conservative vote is Mario Biaggi, 55, a flamboyant, three-term Congressman who is the most decorated policeman in the city's history.

On the liberal side stands Albert Blumenthal, 43, a skilled legislator who is assistant minority leader of the New York state assembly. Whoever wins will have to be a far different mayor from Lindsay. He will doubtless have less glamour or élan, and New York will sorely miss that. But he will have to be more attentive to administrative detail, more willing to bargain with the multitude of stridently competing groups that make up the city and are presently most unhappy with it.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

A World Getting Closer Together

BEYOND the dollar storms and the sump that is Watergate, there is a bigger world, and it is coming together in a manner that brings some hope this springtime. In that world, the Richard Nixon of the long head and the calm eye resides. There, too, walks Henry Kissinger, the most remarkable presidential creation of this century. The two are trying to cement global tranquility into permanent peace.

That goal is still Nixon's special preoccupation. He eagerly asks Kissinger about North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho: "What kind of man is he?" Then he listens to the traveling professor spin out his stories, which by now are better than those of Marco Polo.

Something new is taking focus, something that neither Nixon nor Kissinger fully comprehends as the two men spend their lonely evenings in the Lincoln Sitting Room. There is a fraternity of nations and men who are linked to each other by personal encounter and by friendship of sorts, by poetry and philosophy and economics, and finally by the feel of power.

There were in Hanoi the first hints for Kissinger from his overly polite hosts that they were considering what it might be like to spend their time and energy building a society rather than warring. It was hardly spoken, a fragile wisp of human yearning that hung on the idea that America might help them. Kissinger clutched it and brought it home, and Nixon is now nurturing it.

"They all have a stake in it," Kissinger says. They have been dealt in by Nixon. They can have a summit or some help, and there is a brighter future in trade than in bombs.

When the stories increase about the trouble between Russia and China, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin comes around to the White House more often for lunch, and Kissinger goes up 16th Street to the Russian embassy frequently. The coziness grows in direct proportion to the increasing tension between Russia and China. Each meeting with China's Premier Chou En-lai is better than the last, the talk easier, and the banquets more bountiful. Kissinger is up a few pounds.

Richard Nixon is banking that a future coalition of previously contending nations will act like a magnet, and that soon even irascible India will be drawn in for her own good. Nixon understands the world. "It's a street scene to him," Kissinger once said in admiration. "You talk of Saigon or Karachi or almost any place, and he has been there. He can see it and hear it and smell it."

When the oceans separate the two men, they talk by cable, and that special familiarity with the world is invaluable. Nixon sets the goals and leaves the details to Kissinger. Once, when the professor burdened the President with too many odds and ends from Paris, Nixon told him not to do it again.

Kissinger has devised a totally new diplomatic approach. He brought a special compassion for human misery and an understanding of the political problems of other men that in the end transcended even the awesome Kissinger ego. That compassion is rooted in his past, and there is no better explanation than his simple statement: "My father was a very loving man."

Kissinger set the pace slow. He listened and listened—hours of searching out the minds of these former adversaries to imagine what they thought, what they faced and what they wanted. "Dean Rusk had it right," says Kissinger. "What is important is to know what the man thinks about in the morning when he is shaving."

Now, in the National Security Council, they are asking not just how many missiles Russia has (they know), but how come Marshal Grechko, the Soviet Defense Minister, wants those missiles? What's he afraid of? And how come Poet-Philosopher Marshal Yeh Chien-ying thinks he needs those millions of men ready to march? You would think we would have asked these questions a long time ago, but no, not until Nixon have we really wondered.

One gets the feeling these days that maybe Nixon-Kissinger will be a longer-lasting twosome than many think. The relationship works too well; it is too important to be broken up. Change would be too risky. History strongly suggests that what Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger are doing now can never be done again. They seem gloriously caught up in it, like all the other men of power in this unusual time.





NEGOTIATIONS IN INDIAN CAMP AT WOUNDED KNEE (FOREGROUND: MOLOTOV COCKTAILS)



RUSSELL MEANS GETTING WAR PAINT

PROTEST

A Suspenseful Show of Red Power

FROM the start, the confrontation at Wounded Knee, S. Dak., between militant Indians and local, state and federal authorities had all the elements of bad theater. The Indians insisted on out-moded makeup (war paint) and melodramatic lines ("Massacre us or meet our human needs"). The Federal Government brought in outrageous props, including war planes. There were too many theatrical asides aimed at the TV cameras and too many studied parallels to the Viet Nam War, including a "demilitarized zone" and "cease-fire observers." Finally there was the self-conscious symbolism of the choice of the site itself, the mass burial ground for victims of the U.S. Cavalry's most brutal massacre of the Indians.

But as the days ticked by, the drama drew an ever larger American audience under its spell. By midweek, after Justice Department officials issued an ultimatum to the Indians to abandon the trading post at Wounded Knee by 6 p.m. on Thursday, the suspense grew. In the rolling hills surrounding the Indian enclave, U.S. Army armored personnel carriers rumbled in preparation for an assault. At the roadblocks and in command posts, several of the FBI agents and marshals—there were 300 in all—restlessly broke down their M-16 rifles and adjusted the straps on their gas masks. At one point, two U.S. Air Force Phantoms streaked low overhead, reportedly on "reconnaissance" missions.

Just below the Indians' stronghold—a brilliantly whitewashed Catholic church high atop a bluff—an Indian drove a bulldozer in and out of sight as he deepened the trenches and thickened the fortifications that would shield the

militants against the approaching attack. On the perimeters, patrols spied on Government operations through field glasses. An Indian guard, fingering his .30-30 under the gathering storm clouds, boasted: "They are going to see how tough we are. Anything comes down that road, we blow it apart."

TIME Correspondent Ken Huff, who spent a night inside the Indian encampment, reported what happened just before the Government deadline for evacuation:

"Seven Indian leaders stripped, some naked, others to their shorts, and entered an Indian sweat lodge—a wooden framework covered by an orange carpet and a purple blanket—to receive clarity of mind and body. The warriors, perhaps 150 of them, seemed perfectly willing to die. With the sun setting behind their backs and the chill wind whipping up puffs of dust, they formed a semicircle and watched as the tribal fathers emerged from the steaming lodge.

"A Sioux spiritual leader named Leonard Crow Dog struck up a chant in the Lakota language. As each warrior passed by, he blessed him and painted a slash or a circle of red powder under the left eye. Each warrior then stepped into a white tepee, making a holy sign over the bleached skull of a buffalo head."

Whoops. Fortunately, a major conflict never came to pass. The spiritual preparations were suddenly interrupted an hour before the deadline when a blue Coupe de Ville Cadillac roared up, shattering the solemnity. Dennis Banks, an Indian leader, jumped out to announce that both sides had agreed to a cease-fire proposed by the National Council

of Churches of Christ. Reported Huff: "There were whoops of joy as the sun set behind a ridge spotted with the silhouettes of jagged pines." That precarious truce held despite a shootout between Indian patrol guards and federal marshals just an hour later. Two Indians were shot, one in the hand and one in the leg, and both sides argued over who had fired first.

To prevent further infractions, 34 observers from the council, clearly identified by their white armbands with the NCC logo, took up positions around Wounded Knee.

Yet despite their efforts, sporadic shooting continued—and so did the negotiations. Attorney William Kunstler, known for his defense of the Chicago Seven, arrived at Wounded Knee to represent the leaders of the American Indian Movement (AIM). Carrying fresh proposals in a brown briefcase, two Indian lawyers dashed back and forth in a Cadillac between the Bureau of Indian Affairs office in Pine Ridge and the AIM fortress. A major sticking point was the Justice Department's threat to arrest any Indian militants leaving the trading post and confiscate their weapons as evidence. It was largely to carry out that threat that the Justice Department had kept its cordon around the area. At week's end the Justice Department backed down. In a sudden reversal of policy, it removed all roadblocks and withdrew all 300 U.S. marshals, FBI agents and local policemen. The Indians were free to leave—with their weapons.

AIM Leader Russell Means was jubilant. "We want to see headlines that say 'U.S. surrenders to Indians,'" he told newsmen. In fact, the Justice Department had done the only sensible thing. The wonder was not why its agents had suddenly withdrawn, but why they had not been ordered to do so earlier, to defuse a dangerous situ-



U.S. MARSHALS STANDING GUARD ON HIGHWAY OUTSIDE WOUNDED KNEE



ARMED INDIAN LOOKOUTS IN FRONT OF CHURCH STRONGHOLD



RAISING AUTOMATIC WEAPON (AK 47) IN VICTORY SIGN

ation. At most, Justice had made a tactical retreat. It plans to convene a grand jury early this week to consider indictments, and a courtroom showdown seems inevitable. AIM leaders were not only resigned to that possibility, but almost appeared to relish it. Said Means: "Give us our day in court, and we'll take it."

The withdrawal of federal agents also did nothing to redress the underlying grievances that had brought the militants to Wounded Knee in the first place. Those remained to be thrashed

out with officials from the Department of Interior, which runs the BIA. Rather than leave Wounded Knee, several AIM leaders claimed that they were planning to stay on there to meet with Interior officials this week.

Before it ended, the eleven-day siege of Wounded Knee had thoroughly disrupted the rest of the 2,400-sq.-mi. reservation. In the town of Pine Ridge, 20 miles southwest, the BIA office sent workers home and stopped distributing welfare checks. Reported TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury:

"The adults are idle, since virtually all business on the mammoth reservation has come to a halt. Families wanting to take in the action have come to Pine Ridge in the dilapidated cars with crunched fenders that are the Indians' trademark. Justice Department people, a few in coats and ties but many more in flak vests, baseball caps and heavy boots, come and go in the area of the BIA building. It is a reunion for many of the federal marshals, distinctive in their flag-bedecked blue jumpsuits. Across the street, on a dried mudbank,



WOUNDED SIOUX GIVES MILITANT SALUTE

sit a line of solemn-faced Indians taking it all in."

In Wounded Knee itself, tensions rose and fell with events. Early in the week, both sides had seemed close to resolving their differences—until Russell Means' brother Bill was wounded in a firefight. When the car transporting him to the hospital was stopped at a roadblock, federal authorities discovered Molotov cocktails in the trunk and arrested the Indians. Incensed, Russell Means crammed his people into a small community hall the next morning to fire them up.

For all the rhetoric and emotion, however, the immediate issues seemed strangely vague and parochial. At the beginning of the crisis, Means had staked out vast demands: the return by the U.S. Government of territories in both Dakotas, Montana and Nebraska; the investigation of long-broken treaties and a full-scale probe by Congress of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. But then Means shifted the main focus to his demand for the ouster of Sioux Tribal Council President Dick Wilson. That issue proved to be more slippery than the larger questions over which the battle was first joined.

Means, himself a Sioux, was asking the Department of the Interior to interfere in an intratribal Sioux affair, and thus turn back the clock on the recent Indian move for self-determination. On the face of it, he hardly seemed to have a case. Dick Wilson was duly elected by the Sioux, as was the 20-member council, which he heads. But AIM has accused Wilson—a mixed blood who was previously a plumber—of nepotism, po-

THE NATION

litical patronage and corruption in his administration. Reported *TIME*'s Woodbury: "Accounting is lax, and the considerable amount of money that passes through tribal hands, often for loosely defined programs, makes corruption almost a way of life in Indian government."

Even so, it is far from clear whether the rest of the Sioux are as unhappy as Means with Wilson's leadership. The Interior Department maintains that disputes among the Sioux are their own problem. As for Wilson, his tribal council urged that the Justice Department

clear AIM militants off the reservation.

The repercussions of Wounded Knee have already spread far beyond the Black Hills of South Dakota. Awakened by ample TV coverage of the original seizure of Wounded Knee and enraged by the Government's seeming overreaction, other groups of Indians have taken up the cry of injustice. In Chicago, 40 Indians dressed in blankets and headdresses demonstrated in the offices of Senator Adlai Stevenson III. In Lumberton, N.C., Indians in a 40-car caravan drove for three consecutive nights through the downtown district,

smashing windows with rocks. Even in faraway Maine, Passamaquoddy Indians in Pleasant Point heeded the call to arms and blockaded a state highway by burning tires. Their placards read: **REMEMBER WOUNDED KNEE.**

They were drawing on the memory of the Sioux massacre that first made the settlement infamous. But Wounded Knee II may soon be remembered too—as a turning point for the better in the fortunes of American Indians, or the beginning of a string of disruptive red power demonstrations in many parts of the country—or both.

Behind the Second Battle of Wounded Knee

WOUNDED KNEE has been the catalyst," says Donald White, an Oneida Indian who is a student at the University of Illinois. "We have been apathetic for too many years. The people out there are willing to die for us. Maybe it's our time to do something too." Many other Indians, particularly the young, echo his sentiments.

Although the American Indian has been the subject of insatiable curiosity and unrelieved romanticization by whites, almost 500 years of losing battles have made him nearly invisible. But recently the Indian has begun to emerge from behind the misty stereotype of smoke signals, tipis and Tonto. A chorus of angry voices has been making many demands: they call for everything from control of reservation lands and mineral rights to restoration of ancient tribal customs and the power to specify curriculums in Indian grade schools. The move to self-determination is characterized in the new cry: "Indian identification of Indian problems!"

In a sense, the basic Indian demand is to undo history. Throughout the 19th century, the westward expansion of white America, protected and assisted by the U.S. Cavalry, forced the Indian nations onto smaller and smaller reservations, usually far from their ancestral lands. The Indian population fell from about 1,150,000 at the time of Columbus to an all-time low of 250,000 by 1900. U.S. citizenship rights were withheld from the Indians until 1924. Today, the Indian population is rising fast—it is now 792,000. In the past two decades, the life expectancy of the Indian has jumped from 44 years to 63.5 years. But that is still seven years short of the national average. The rates of both alcoholism and suicide among Indians, including many teenagers, are almost twice the national norm. On the reserva-

tion, family income averages \$1,500, and off it about \$3,000. Nationwide, the unemployment figure hovers around 40%.

There are exceptions to this dismal catalogue. The Agua Caliente band, which owns most of the real estate in Palm Springs, Calif., is wealthy indeed. The Jicarilla Apaches in northern New Mexico, blessed with rich oil and gas deposits on their lands, have made investments in movie productions and are developing hunting and tourist facilities.

A more typical situation is that of the Osage Sioux. Less than 100 years ago, they owned all of what is now Osage County, Okla., a choice, oil-soaked region. Over the years, through legal maneuvering and corruption in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, non-Indians managed to get onto the tribal rolls and claim land rights. Today many full-blooded Osages are frozen out of oil profits and tribal affairs.

During its 149 years of existence, the BIA has been the subject of scorn from Indians and whites alike. As the protector of Indian resources and lands, the BIA wields enormous power over almost every aspect of reservation life. It runs Indian schools, from which most students drop out by the sixth grade. It is responsible for many housekeeping chores on the reservations: building and maintaining roads, overseeing construction of irrigation projects and providing welfare assistance. But the BIA does not provide services to the nearly 350,000 Indians who live off reservations. With 13,964 employees—56% of them Indians—the bureau is a lumbering monster, hopelessly inefficient. Yet it is the only constant link for Indians to federal resources and assistance.

In the surging tide of Indian militancy, the most outspoken group is the American Indian Movement, leaders of last November's occupation of the BIA building in Washington, as well as the Wounded Knee takeover. The group's tactics enrage more conservative Indians, whom AIM refers to as "apples"—red on the outside, white on the inside.

Yet AIM's tactics have produced results. "For 148 years, the tribal leaders have been going to the BIA and trying to get things done," says Owen Echobawk, a Pawnee who is a retired Sun Oil Co. executive. "They could never get in contact with the White House. By taking over that building, AIM ended up negotiating with the White House in seven days." As a result of AIM's takeover, Nixon has shuffled the top bureaucrats of the BIA. And its budget for fiscal 1974 has been increased by \$50 million, to \$583 million.

A nationwide convention of American Indians in 1961 adopted a statement of goals: "We, the Indian people, must be governed by principles in a democratic manner with a right to choose our way of life...What we ask of America is not charity, not paternalism...the Indians ask for assistance, technical and financial, for the time needed, however long that may be, to regain in the America of the space age some measure of the adjustment they enjoyed as the original possessors of their native land."

In 1973, as an AIM slogan phrases it: "The Red Giant is on one knee, but he's getting ready to stand up."

MASS BURIAL OF INDIANS AFTER WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE (1890)



A Needed Tonic for America

We have reaped the fruits of our faith and trust in our God, our Commander in Chief, our families and all the people of this wonderful, wonderful country. America, we love you.

—Air Force Colonel Frederick Crow

Happiness is returning to the United States, where everybody's heart is full of gold the size of the Empire State Building.

—Army Staff Sergeant David Harker

I would like to borrow three words from the late Douglas MacArthur to express my feelings on this, my greatest day: duty, honor, country.

—Air Force Captain Leroy Stutz

Our emotions at this time are indescribable. To be back on American soil has been our dream, our prayer for over seven years. You have reached across time and space and brought us home. Thank you, America. Thank you, Mr. President. May God bless you all.

—Air Force Colonel Ronald E. Byrne, Jr.

SUCH were the words of the returning P.O.W.s in a poignant scene repeated at airbases round the U.S. One after another, the P.O.W.s appeared in the doorway of a plane, saluted smartly, strode smilingly down the ramp, spoke a few words into the microphones and fell into the waiting arms of wives and families. A few kissed the ground. It was an event that will be long remembered by those who witnessed it in person or on television.

For many Americans it served as a reaffirmation of faith in a nation that had grown accustomed to self-reproach. After their long ordeal, the P.O.W.s had every reason to greet freedom ecstatically. But they had no need to offer profuse thanks to the country that had sent them to war. If they could so spontaneously pour out their love of country, then why should their fellow countrymen who had stayed home in safety and affluence be despairing? The return of the P.O.W.s was a tonic for America. "I just hope we can help America join closer together," says Air Force Colonel Lawrence Guarino. "When the whole story is out, I think it will do Americans justice, and they will be proud of the way their men stood up."

A few P.O.W.s commented on the war. Air Force Colonel James Kasler held the peace demonstrators responsible for "prolonging the war. Their hands are stained with the blood of American G.I.s." He said that he had been tortured in an unsuccessful effort

to force him to meet with a group of U.S. war protesters who were visiting Hanoi. Air Force Major Hubert Fleisher offered a minority opinion that the U.S. had lost a war it never should have entered. "It was a conflict between the Vietnamese people, and like it or not, it should have been theirs to decide."

Most P.O.W.s, however, were too concerned with their homecoming to dwell on the war that they had finally left behind:

AIR FORCE MAJOR ARTHUR BURER, 40, touched down at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, and wondered how his wife Nancy would react. As he told *TIME* Correspondent Jerry Hannifin: "I'd often thought of what I'd say to her when I first saw her again. But she solved it all when she came sprinting out and leaped into my arms. That assured me that everything would be all right and any problems could be solved because of our love." The couple decided to take their marriage vows over again—a reaffirmation of personal commitment—and go on a honeymoon. Many other returned P.O.W.s are also having symbolic second wedding ceremonies.

Equally gratifying was Burer's reunion with his four children. He stayed up into the night talking with his oldest son Bill, 17½. "The biggest burden he carried was that somewhere he had a father, but a father he couldn't talk to," says Burer. "It's different when a family really loses a father. After a year or two, if he had believed that I was dead, he could have forgotten about me and gone on with life. But he lived his life knowing that he had a father he couldn't see."

Burer keenly feels the gap that has been created by his absence. "My ideas, my beliefs, my morals, everything had just stood flat still. I came back thinking in terms of 1966, and it's bizarre to be so far behind the times. I've done a lot of reading and talking to my family, but we still haven't scratched the surface."

AIR FORCE COMMANDER ROBERT SHUMAKER, 39, the second U.S. pilot captured in North Viet Nam, liked to joke when in prison: "I'm second, so I have to try harder." He claims credit for dubbing the prison the "Hanoi Hilton," though he hopes that the name will not give Americans the idea that it was a "luxury palace." For 2½ years of his eight years' captivity he was kept in isolation. He kept his sanity during that period by mentally constructing a house for his family, brick by brick. When a letter arrived from his wife Lorraine saying that she had already bought a house, "I was really in a sweat. My mental project was ruined."

But he happily exchanged fantasy



ROBINSON RISNER AT HOME WITH WIFE



ROBERT SHUMAKER WITH SON & WIFE



THE NATION

for reality when he reached La Jolla, Calif. He told *TIME* Correspondent Leo Janos that he found Lorraine "exactly as I remembered her. When she rushed to meet me at the airport, she looked like a high school cheerleader." His eight-year-old son Grant is the very image of his dad. But that did not make Shumaker more permissive. He spanked the boy for playing hooky from school. "Believe me, I felt more pain than he did," he said. He also ordered Grant's hair to be trimmed after someone remarked that his daughter must be glad to have him home. He was

stunned by the sexual permissiveness of a movie that was not even X rated, and walked out of the theater. "And I'm no prude either," he insists.

AIR FORCE MAJOR GLENDON PERKINS, 38, returned to Orlando, Fla., to find the neighbors lining both sides of the street to welcome him. "Sometimes he's a little embarrassed," says his wife Kaye. He has taken the changes at home in stride. He is fascinated by the bright colors in men's clothes, and he quickly donned wide-legged, cuffed trousers and double-zipper boots. "The clothes are really having a therapeutic

effect after all those years of wearing pajamas," says Kaye, who is surprised at his smooth adjustment. It is not at all what she had been led to expect by cautious psychiatrists. They warned her that her husband might be too shattered to be saddled with responsibilities like the family budget. The day after he returned, Perkins asked: "O.K., where's the budget?"

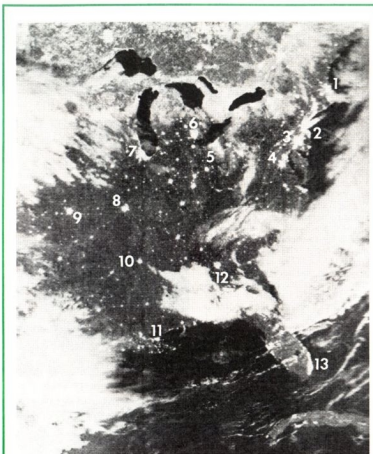
AIR FORCE COLONEL JAMES ROBINSON RISNER, 48, has scarcely paused to catch his breath since he arrived home in Oklahoma City. When he is not on the phone with well-wishers, he is answering mail or making speeches or following up an insurance claim or shopping for the home. "He is in such a mad hurry to accomplish so much," his wife Kathleen told *TIME* Correspondent Marguerite Michaels. "He never sits still except to eat, and he sprints from room to room. It's great to have him home, but it's a little shocking too."

Explains Risner: "I have to keep moving because I'm so far behind. I hate to see it get dark. I feel I haven't done enough in the daylight, and if I sleep, it's like wasting time. I'm starved for people. I used to die just to catch a glimpse of a leaf through the air vent in the wall of the cell. There's a great feeling of happiness just to go in and out of the door when I want to."

Risner has even talked his five children into supporting Nixon, though they favored McGovern for President. But some of Risner's military passion for orderliness subsided in prison. "I used to get so mad at Kathleen when she'd kick off her shoes in the middle of the floor and leave them there. But then I got to prison and I missed seeing them. I don't say a word any more."

■ ■ ■

The American P.O.W. who has spent the longest time in prison is not in Viet Nam. He is John Downey, 43, a CIA operative who was sentenced to life imprisonment after his plane was shot down over China in 1952. He was allegedly trying to drop supplies to U.S. agents in Manchuria during the Korean War. The Chinese have allowed his mother Mary to visit him three times. Last week, Mary Downey suffered a severe stroke, and President Nixon got in touch with Premier Chou En-lai. The President asked: Could Downey be released at once? He could, replied Chou in less than 48 hours. In fact, at his meeting last month with Henry Kissinger, the Premier indicated that Downey would be freed later this year for "exemplary" good behavior. The timetable was simply speeded up, and Downey is due home this week. Two other Americans will also be released. They are Air Force Major Philip Smith and Navy Lieut. Commander Robert Flynn, whose planes were downed after they strayed over the border from North Viet Nam. With them, the last American prisoners in China will be free.



The U.S. at Night

SHOT from an altitude of 500 miles during daylight hours, ordinary weather-satellite pictures show little or no evidence of man and his great cities, highways, bridges, dams and cultivated fields. In fact, a visitor from another planet, viewing the world from that distance, might well ask: "Is there life on earth?" At night, however, the answer is obvious. The picture above, one of a series taken at 500 miles altitude by an Air Force satellite during darkness, clearly shows the

cities in the eastern half of the U.S. glowing brightly—unmistakable signs that creatures below are using huge amounts of energy. Visible in areas not covered by clouds are the lights of the megalopolis that includes 1) Boston, 2) New York, 3) Philadelphia and 4) Baltimore-Washington. In the Great Lakes region, there are 5) Cleveland, 6) Detroit and 7) Chicago-Milwaukee. Also standing out are the metropolitan areas of 8) St. Louis, 9) Kansas City, 10) Memphis, 11) New Orleans and 12) Atlanta. At the tip of Florida, 13) Miami and its environs paint a glowing band along the coast.

AMERICAN SCENE

Auto Shows: They Love Speed

Once the state fair was the big event. Now the same kind of popcorn festivity animates the custom auto show. There will be nearly 70 such exhibitions this spring, from Medford, Ore., to Worcester, Mass. Last weekend alone, hot-rod shows were held in Fresno, Youngstown and Cedar Rapids. They are drawing large crowds too: 40,000 in Dayton, 50,000 in Louisville. After a look at the recent International Speed Custom Cycle Auto Show in Chicago, TIME Correspondent David Wood sent this report:

A GIRL in a purple bikini stands on an old milk box, having an American flag painted on her belly by a man whose jacket proudly announces: COMPETITION PAINT BY PHILL—CHI-TOWN.

An usher, a young kid with straw-colored hair sticking out from under an oversize cap, bends to peer inside a dragster, then remembers that he is an official usher and quickly straightens up. "We gotta keep our eye out for ruffians," he says. "Haven't seen any yet."

He is nearly bowled over by a bearded giant in blue jeans with a LOVE patch sewn on his backside, a KEEP ON TRUCKIN' T shirt stretched across his chest, and a fuzzy tam-o'-shanter perched on his head. He is squeezing the hand of his girl friend, a teased blonde in a Day-Glo orange pantsuit and sequined glasses, carrying a suitcase-sized black patent leather handbag and a bag of candy. They crunch along through the litter of wrappers and handbills toward the star attraction, the dazzling Muzi-Kart, a customized 1933 Willys.

Joy. Muzi-Kart's fiber-glass body has been lifted up to display a gleaming, hand-built \$4,500 engine that jets the car down the drag strip at 150 m.p.h., a single bucket seat contoured to the exact dimensions of the driver, a tiny two-handled steering mechanism, and an automatic fire-extinguisher system.

John Muzik, a tall, amiable 34-year-old toolmaker from Flint, Mich., built the car in his garage, spending more than \$9,000 to produce a vehicle worth \$20,000. The prize money that he wins for best custom car at the shows (roughly \$500 each time) pays most of his expenses, and he has the car booked for exhibitions almost every weekend through June. "But the real joy is building the damn thing," says Muzik, running his polish rag over a thumbprint on the body. "It sure is a beautiful machine. I don't race it too often."

The racing cars are there, though. One is the 700-h.p., 183-m.p.h. mini-dragster called "the Hud." It looks deceptively like a 1973 Camaro. But, lightened by a fiber-glass body and fueled by explosive nitromethane, the car can streak down a quarter-mile

from a standing start in 6 1/2 seconds. To achieve that flash of glory, two Chicago pipelitters labored five hours a night, putting together the right combination of engine, transmission and body. "Your car not only has to run fast, it has to look good," says the Hud's wrench (chief mechanic), Tom Jordan, 33. "If your \$1,500 paint gets chipped, that's the breaks. You make the spectators respect you for a good-looking car."

Every weekend Jordan and Owner-Driver Joe Arrigo, pipelitters by profession, take their machine, in which they have invested \$10,000, out to race or show. Sometimes they race twice in a weekend, sleeping at small-town drag-strip motels, eating drag-strip hot dogs, breathing drag-strip fumes, building themselves up for that 6 1/2 seconds, adding up their points to qualify for the grand nationals and plotting their way to the next small town. Says Jordan: "We love speed."

Across the concourse in Chicago, Dennis Pearson sits in a beach chair behind his entry, a 1967 El Camino pickup truck chromed and painted and gussied up into a real show-stopper. Pearson, 26, a stocky, crew-cut body-shop owner from Louisville, began a year ago to repair the engine in his truck and maybe do a little body work. Some \$6,000 and "a helluva lotta hours" later, he hitched up the truck behind his station wagon, packed in his wife Bernadene and their four-year-old daughter Zandra and entered the exhibition circuit. In Detroit he picked up an award for the "Outstanding Custom Pickup," but the prize money—\$90—hardly paid his expenses. "All this traveling to auto shows gives me great ideas for my body shop," says Pearson. His wife adds with a smile: "Sitting here is okay when the bands are playing. It goes along with our marriage." Like Pearson, most of the custom connoisseurs are rather average family men, a cross section of steady wage earners who can afford the paint and parts needed to satisfy their obsession.

Around them swirls the carnival of the auto show. The 300 cars and 60 motorcycles are roped off from the crush of the public, the starflake paint mirroring the mustache and leather jacket of a hot-rodder bending close to inspect the chrome-plated carburetors, and his little brother in jeans and a Ski-Doo jacket peering in to see how high the speedometer goes. Down the aisle sits "Peaches and Creme," a 1934 Ford coupe with a 1968 Corvette

engine and a body painted "Campus Creme" on top and "Bronze Starflake" below (and a sign: DO NOT TOUCH THIS CAR UNLESS YOU ARE COMPLETELY NUDE!). Near by a crowd is gathering in front of the "Archie Bunker Hard Hat Hauler." The Hauler features a lunch-bucket gas tank, a chromed hard-hat roof, a forklift front bumper and a 500-h.p. Chrysler hemi-head engine with Triple GMC 671 blowers.

Hours later, the huge amphitheater, which once resounded to the agonies of the 1968 Democratic Convention, is quiet except for the occasional clang of a dropped wrench or the grunts of car owners as they push their treasures up the ramp into their trailers. An old porter pushes a broom through the thick litter of the International Speed Custom Cycle Auto Show.

"Dayton?" calls a driver from the cab of his camper. His buddy pauses before slamming shut the tailgate of his trailer. "Nope," he draws. "I'm gonna take a breather. See you in Memphis."



PRIZEWINNING MUZI-KART ON DISPLAY



THE ARCHIE BUNKER HARD HAT HAULER

FRANCE

The Voters' Warning Shot

EVEN before France's voters went to the polls for this week's final runoff, the hotly contested election for a new National Assembly had already had a powerful impact on French politics. After 15 years of aloof, Olympian and, some would say, arrogant rule, President Georges Pompidou's Gaullists seemed visibly chastened by the surge of the Socialist-Communist opposition in the first-round voting. When the results showed the Gaullists and their allies trailing in the popular vote tally by an expected but still humiliating eight percentage points, government spokesmen began sounding unaccustomed notes of understanding and humility. "The vote of the French is like a warning shot," said Alain Peyrefitte, leader of the Gaullist U.D.R. party, shortly before this week's balloting. "We will know how to interpret their wishes."

A shot indeed. Last week's preliminary vote confirmed the judgment of the polls that Gaullism was in serious trouble. The Gaullists wound up with only 38% of the first-round vote, compared with 46% for the united left.* Though the Gaullists could still emerge from the second round with a majority, it was also possible that they would be forced into a coalition with the centrists, led by Rouen Mayor Jean Lecanuet and Publisher Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, who polled 12.4% last week. Less likely would be the emergence of the first Socialist-Communist majority in France since the 1930s.

Ill-Timed. After the first-round results were in, much of France seemed visibly relieved that the Gaullists had survived with no more damage than expected. Shopping picked up in the fashionable boutiques along Paris' Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, ending a slump that had begun with the onset of the campaign two months ago. The strident warnings from the tough-minded Communist leader, Georges Marchais, that "strikes will multiply" if Gaullism continued seemed particularly ill-timed. A walkout of civilian air controllers had snarled air traffic all over France, and was at least partly responsible for the mid-air collision of two Spanish airliners over Nantes last week. One plane crashed, killing all 68 aboard.

French voters knew from past experience that the final outcome would be determined to a considerable degree

in eleventh-hour backroom political trading. While they argued, the Gaullists reiterated the theme once stated by André Malraux: "There is only us and the Communists." As Party Secretary Peyrefitte elaborated last week, the Communists would eventually dominate the leftist coalition and then do their best to "overthrow the French government and the whole of French society."

With a relatively poor first-round



POMPIDOU'S PYRRHIC SALUTE

showing, the centrist "reform movement" fell short of establishing itself as a credible non-leftist alternative to Gaullism. Its leaders decided to approach the second round on different terms. Bargaining for a voice in any new Gaullist government, Lecanuet agreed to withdraw his candidates in districts where they might pull votes away from a Gaullist and thus help to throw the election to a leftist. Servan-Schreiber, hoping that the Gaullists would lose their majority and thus be forced to turn to him and his allies for help, urged centrist candidates to stay in the race.

The leftists had unity problems of their own. Paradoxically, but not sur-

prisingly, the first-round success of the Communists and Socialists bade fair to spoil their second-round chances.

By making deep inroads into such traditional Communist strongholds as the working-class "Red belt" around Paris, François Mitterrand's once moribund Socialists surged to within 500,000 votes of the Communists—and raised a lot of old fears and jealousies. Threatened by the loss of his party's traditional position as the leader of the French left, Communist Marchais stubbornly rejected Mitterrand's proposal that both parties should back the leftist candidates most likely to win—which in any given district would most likely be the relatively respectable Socialist candidate rather than the Communist.

Marchais insisted on the letter of the united-left agreement: both parties would back the leftist who had led in the first round, whether he had any chance of winning the runoff or not. Explaining his stand, Marchais said that he would brook "no malodorous subterfuge, no bargaining in the wings, no doubtful schemes." Mitterrand? In a television address, he pointedly avoided using the word Communist at all and glumly predicted that "the battle of the second round will be difficult to win."

If the leftists had problems with togetherness, however, the Gaullists had serious shortcomings in basic political perception. French voters may still fear the extreme left, but they are less and less Gaullist. Millions of French voters have not shared in the prosperity of the Gaullist era, and their enthusiasm for major parts of the leftist program—an increase in the minimum wage, a lower retirement age, better public housing and medical care—suggests that Pompidou will have to choose not only a new Premier and a reshuffled Cabinet but a new and thoroughly reshuffled set of national priorities, with more emphasis on mundane social needs and less on big business and *la gloire*.

UNITED KINGDOM

Smashing London's Face

Almost as often as the wars of Ireland have erupted and receded in tidal flows of violence over the past century, so has one particular fantasy recurred to strategists of the Irish Republican Army: to smash the cool, imperious face of London, the symbol of everything that frustrated their dreams.

In the 1880s, the Fenian movement boldly bombed the House of Commons. In 1903 the Irish waged another bombing campaign, and again, in 1939, they went on a 15-month spree of dynamiting elegant shops, theaters, mailboxes and railway cloakrooms. Joseph Con-

*In the "second election" that followed the student-worker demonstrations of 1968, the Gaullists and their allies hit their peak, with 46% of the vote and 359 Assembly seats. Under more "normal" conditions in the last regular election of 1967, they won 43% of the vote and a one-seat majority.

JAMAICA



*Just a few hours away,
you can take a gondola down
a lush green Grande "Canal".*

*In a foreign country.
Where everyone speaks English.*

It's the *Rio Grande*, a Grande "River".

And your gondola is made of bamboo.

But the mood is hand-holding. Like Venice.

Jamaica is as romantic as any faraway country. (And it's nearby.)

We have the brilliant sun and exuberant flowers and lemon-yair and cove-y coastline of the Greek Islands.

You hear Africa in our throbbing music, eat it in our exotic foods, see it throughout our jungly land.

We have the luscious fruits (and hideaway beaches) of Tahiti.

And cozy atmospheric English pubs.

And—in our Free Port Shops, you'll fall in love with Japanese cameras, French perfumes, Irish crystal, Swiss

watches, Canadian Club, etc.

At the best kind of American prices.

Discounted up to 45%.
"Save you a lickie money, mon."

See? You'll understand us. For more—from our Scottish "Martha Brae" (another gondola-ing river) to our Indian "Chandiram" (a shop), see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board.

**Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.**

America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.



Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



IRISH TERRORIST BOMB EXPLODES OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN WHITEHALL

rad's protagonist in *The Secret Agent* schemed to blow up the Greenwich Observatory, just as the hero of a novel recently published in London, *The Patriot Game*, plans to blast the headquarters of the British secret service.

Last week the electorate of Northern Ireland was asked to vote on whether it wanted to remain part of the United Kingdom. The result was inevitable—almost 99% voted yes since Ulster's population is two-thirds Protestant, and since many Catholics had decided to boycott the British government's referendum. On that very day, Irish extremists made themselves heard in another way—once again bringing the violence to London.

The first "Belfast Special"—a car loaded with 175 lbs. of gelignite time bombs—destroyed the back of the Old Bailey court building and its year-old \$17 million annex and wrecked a three-story hotel and pub across the street. An hour later, 1½ miles to the west, a second car exploded in Whitehall, badly damaging the Ministry of Agriculture and the main army recruiting center. Whole walls were stripped of windows, the frames twisted and buckled. The two blasts injured 194 people, including five policemen, but miraculously caused only one death. The victim was a 60-year-old caretaker who was treated for head wounds and was returning home when he suffered a heart attack.

Throughout the rest of the day, squad cars and ambulances chased through the city, evacuating buildings and trying to deal with a rash of hoaxes; the rumored targets included Windsor Castle and the Royal Opera House. Police blocked off Trafalgar Square for several hours and, taking no chances, exploded four locked suitcases that were found on the steps of the National Gallery; the suitcases, as it turned out, contained old clothing.

The explosions brought out the city's best blitz spirit. Medical workers suspended their strike and returned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which treated most of the casualties.

"Well, it's one way to go free," reflected one man, grinning despite a swollen lip, a cut nose and two loosened teeth. At the time of the explosion, he had been on trial at the Old Bailey for receiving stolen goods. He added: "Maybe they'll give me good conduct for this."

Most I.R.A. leaders in recent years have strongly opposed the opening of a new campaign of terror in London. The rebels are far more isolated there than they are in Northern Ireland, and the damage they can cause is not so great. Last year's I.R.A. attack on a paratrooper base at Aldershot, 35 miles from London, backfired humiliatingly; of the seven people killed when a bomb went off in a mess hall, all were civilians, five were women and one was a Catholic priest. Both bombers were caught and convicted. Last week's terrorists seemed to fare no better. Within hours, seven men and three women were arrested at London airport as they tried to board planes for Belfast and Dublin.

Almost forgotten in the turmoil was the referendum in Northern Ireland, which for once seemed almost tranquil in comparison with London. Ulster managed to get through its first polling day in seven years with only eleven explosions, two people injured, and one soldier killed by a sniper.

The Lollipop Budget

First the gas workers walked out, cutting service to 4,000,000 homes. About 3,500 business firms, 1,700 schools and 400 hospitals were shut down—either because of lack of heat or because their own employees were also on strike. Some hospitals even had to burn their soiled bedsheets because their laundries were closed.

As the strike for higher wages spread, stoppages and slowdowns seemed to succeed one another almost at random. The customs inspectors at London's Heathrow Airport returned to duty within 24 hours, but the rail strike that was supposed to last one day dragged on for four. Queen Elizabeth II herself had to rearrange a train trip to Wales (she went by plane instead). Scotland Yard warned travelers: "Do not come into London unless your presence is absolutely essential." In some

THE WORLD

areas there were already shortages of fruits and vegetables.

At this season of chill and exasperation, Chancellor of the Exchequer Anthony Barber arrived in Parliament last week to perform that ancient British rite of spring, the presentation of the annual budget. The document that he produced from the traditional red leather box was a curious one. Barber himself described it as "broadly neutral," and it was a sort of plea for economic truce. Most noticeably, it dispensed an assortment of minor gifts for practically everybody. Unemployment and sickness benefits were raised by \$2.46 a week and pensions by \$3.94 (at a total cost of \$1.4 billion). Taxes on children's clothing, candy, ice cream, soft drinks and potato chips were removed—inspiring newspapers to dub Barber's concoction a "lollipop budget."

Beneath the lollipop blandness, however, the new budget represents a long gamble on the part of the Conservative government. Prime Minister Edward Heath is determined to continue his fight against inflation by maintaining what Nixon-watching officials call his "Stage II" controls on wages, prices, profits and dividends. At the same time, he wants to stimulate the economy to maintain the present growth rate of 5%. To achieve this, he is prepared to increase government spending by 14%, without increasing taxes, and to accept a budget deficit of \$11 billion next year.

The London *Times* called the budget "more valorous than prudent" and added: "It is certainly incautious, and we fear that it is ill-judged." To most political observers, it seemed to be a stop-gap tactic for holding consumer support while the government tries to make its stern economic controls work. As one economist put it, "The budget is really a piece of fiscal sugar to sweeten public acceptance of Stage II."

If the gamble works, the government will deserve credit. If it fails, the Chancellor can always take refuge in less hallowed tradition: he can return in the fall to take from his red leather box a proposal for higher taxes to pay for the lollipops.

WIDOWS WITH SECRETARY ROGERS



MIDDLE EAST

A Blacker September

As the blue and silver White House jet left the dusty airport of Khartoum, a Sudanese brass band played *Auld Lang Syne*, slowly and starkly so that it sounded almost like *Taps*. When the jet landed at chilly, wet Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, D.C., an Air Force band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* while cannons fired a 19-gun salute. Thus, with poignant ceremony, were the bodies of Ambassador Cleo A. Noel Jr. and Deputy Chief of Mission George Curtis Moore returned home last week.

Two days later the two American victims of the Black September massacre in Khartoum were buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Sadness over the ugly deaths of Noel, Moore and Belgian Diplomat Guy Eid was worldwide. But amid the sorrow there was some solace that with the cold-blooded killings the Palestinian terrorist movement of Black September may have inflicted a serious wound on itself.

Since the shadowy Black September organization was born 2½ years ago, it has enjoyed the financial support of several major Arab nations and the moral support of many. Even after Black Septemberists killed eleven Israelis at the Munich Olympics last summer, countries such as Saudi Arabia and Libya continued to bankroll the movement. Indeed, the murderers of Munich were hailed as heroes in rabidly anti-Israeli Arab capitals like Tripoli. But nobody seemed eager last week to honor the killers of Khartoum.

Egypt's Anwar Sadat, who has recently been pressing a diplomatic campaign to enlist sympathy for the Arab viewpoint, remained pointedly silent. So did King Feisal of Saudi Arabia, once a noted financial contributor to the Palestinians. He could hardly have been pleased that the attack took place in the Saudi embassy and that the Saudi ambassador was one of the five hostages. Even Yasser Arafat, the leader of Al-Fatah, the largest Palestinian nationalist group, made a point of trying (some-

what unconvincingly) to dissociate his organization from Black September.

One Arab leader who reacted strongly to the Khartoum killings was King Hussein of Jordan. Among the killers' key demands during their 60-hour occupation of the Saudi embassy was the release of 17 other Palestinian guerrillas who had been arrested in Jordan last month for plotting to overthrow Hussein's regime. Among these 17 was the man they openly called "our leader," Abu Daoud, one of Al-Fatah's highest-ranking leaders. Hussein adamantly resisted the guerrillas' demand, even though his own chargé d'affaires in Khartoum was the guerrillas' fifth hostage. Last week, when the shooting stopped, Hussein retaliated by ordering the execution of 16 of the prisoners, including Daoud. Other Arab governments in turn protested Hussein's severity, and so he stayed the executions.

Of all Arab leaders, the one most openly furious about the Khartoum massacre was Sudan's President Jaafar Numeiry. In a bitter, bristling 45-minute speech over Sudanese radio and television, Numeiry swore that the eight Black Septemberists would be tried and punished for "a crime we will not forgive." They had committed, he charged, "a criminal, rash action devoid of revolutionary spirit and bravery."

In Arab robes instead of his customary military uniform, Numeiry damned the killers in terms designed to have maximum emotional impact on his people. Alluding to the Sudanese custom of slitting an animal's throat when butchering it for a feast, he said that the commandos had "slaughtered their hostages like goats." Then, he added, they had left their corpses "to rot" for more than one day (an insult to the Moslem practice of burying the dead within 24 hours). Sudanese law provides for capital punishment in first-degree murder cases, but Middle East observers think that heavy prison sentences are more likely.

Suspending all Palestinian activities in Sudan, Numeiry angrily asserted that Black September was indeed part of Al-Fatah. As proof, he charged the head of the Al-Fatah office in Khartoum with

FLAG-DRAPED CASKETS AT FUNERAL SERVICE FOR SLAIN DIPLOMATS



Honeywell's Pentax Spotmatic II

Few look as elegant.

None performs as well.

"Design that's been fussed over and refined over the years to the point of near perfection." The words of the veteran technical director of the world's largest photographic magazine, in praise of Pentax.

The Spotmatic II's look — crisp, efficient and authoritative — and its responsive feel go hand in glove with its classic operating design.

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Finally, the Spotmatic II puts no limits on creative photography.

With over 250 matched accessories, including 22 flare-taming Super-Multi-Coated Takumar lenses to choose from, you can't outgrow the Pentax system.

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You may have a friend who owns a Pentax. Ask him about its performance. Talk to a camera repairman. Then visit a Honeywell photo dealer for a demonstration. Or write us today for FREE literature: Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 103-115, P. O. Box 22083, Denver, Colorado 80222.



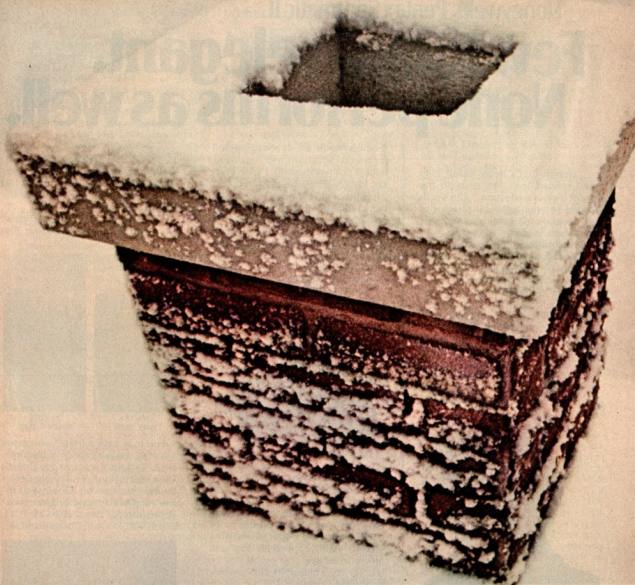
The Honeywell Spotmatic II may well be the camera you've long been looking for.

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Every time NI-Gas can convert a home to gas heat, everybody has reason to celebrate. It means there'll be one less chimney smoking-up the air we breathe.

And that's not all.

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So when you cook your food, warm your bath water and dry your clothes with natural gas, you're doing more to protect your environment than you may realize.

That's why NI-Gas is working harder than ever to bring you more natural gas energy. Doing things like financing new drilling operations, and planning to build a smokeless plant that converts petroleum products into clean gas energy.

The way we see it, natural gas energy is more than a living for us. It's a better life for everyone.

Northern Illinois Gas Company

We thought Jim had turned off drugs

And so did Jim

When Jim applied to Bethlehem Steel for a job, he leveled with us about his past—how he had smoked pot, messed around with barbiturates, and even gotten into heroin a little.

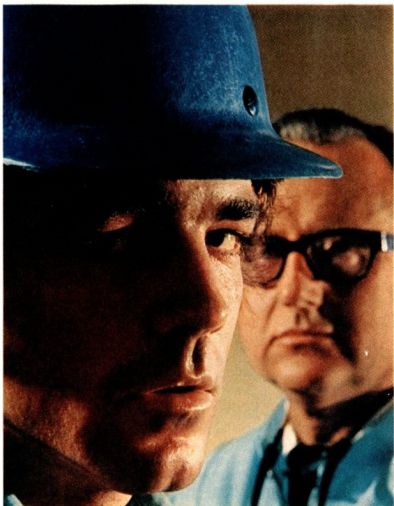
But he insisted that he had turned off drugs well over a year ago. Our examination supported his statement, so we hired him.

Then one day Jim checked into the plant dispensary and asked for help. He confessed that pressures had been building up and he had resorted to weekend "chipping" with heroin. And suddenly he knew he didn't want to go that route again.

Fortunately, our medical staff knew where help was available and Jim was able to remain on our payroll.

Jim is obviously not this employee's real name. However, Bethlehem has had experiences similar to this one which are quite real indeed . . . for drugs are a problem in steel plants, too, just as they are in other segments of our society. Bethlehem has recognized this by establishing a corporation-wide program for employees who are having trouble with drugs.

Our medical people regard addicts



as sick human beings who need professional assistance and understanding. Working closely with rehabilitation centers, methadone clinics, mental health organizations, and other authorities, we apply the same understanding and care in our drug-abuse program as in our long-established alcoholism program.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



having masterminded the massacre. He said that the leader, Fawwaz Yassin, had left Khartoum for Tripoli on a Libyan airliner only hours before the attack on the Saudi embassy was launched. Detailed plans for the entire operation, in Yassin's handwriting, were later found in his desk. Sample: "Tareq—Issue instructions strictly and violently to all those inside the hall in a strong voice...Khaled—Control the garden completely. Open fire if there is any resistance and watch the wall regarding the guard of the U.S. ambassador." (In fact, Ambassador Noel had no bodyguard with him.)

The actual attack seemed to have been led by Yassin's deputy, Abu Salem, who has also been a broadcaster on the *Voice of Palestine*, an Al-Fatah program on Sudanese radio. The other six guerrillas, carrying Jordanian passports, arrived in Khartoum on an Egyptian flight the day before the attack. Numeyri did not link the Egyptian government to the plot, but he implied that Libya, which had invited Yassin to Tripoli, might be connected.

In Washington last week, there were hopes that the horror of Khartoum might induce more Arab states to crack down on terrorist activities throughout the Middle East. As President Nixon put it: "The nation that compromises with the terrorists today could well be destroyed by the terrorists tomorrow."

At the Gate of Tears

To provide the oil that is vital to Israel's powerful military machine, a stream of tankers this year will carry more than 35 million tons from Persian Gulf fields up the Red Sea to the port of Eilat. The southern part of this supply line has never been really safe, however. That was demonstrated in 1971, when a small group of fedayeen armed with bazookas attacked the Israel-bound Liberian tanker *Coral Sea* as it passed through the ten-mile-wide strait of Bab el Mandeb (Gate of Tears). The attack prompted an audacious—and secret—Israeli countermove.

TIME has learned that Israel has sent elite commando units more than 1,200 miles beyond its borders to occupy several uninhabited islands within 85 miles of Bab el Mandeb. It has set up a radio and radar base on one of them, Zuqar, a 70-sq.-mi. waterless chunk of rock and sand in the Hanish group only 20 miles off the coast of Yemen. (Yemen claims sovereignty over Great Hanish, but the other ten islands in the group are officially unowned.) The Israeli commandos speak fluent Arabic, wear no uniforms and fly no flags. They are rotated every three months by naval units that put in under cover of night.

Despite the precautions, the base, which became fully operational eight months ago, is not quite so secret as the Israelis would like. The Yemenis said they had heard about it last summer from one Baruch Zaki Mizrahi,



an alleged Israeli spy who confessed (probably under torture) that he had been assigned to thwart any land-based attack at Bab el Mandeb. Israel promptly denied it—and still does. Meanwhile, militarily powerless Yemen can do nothing about Israel's penetration except complain.

VIET NAM

The Other Prisoners

While Americans' attention has quite understandably been focused on the release of the 576 U.S. prisoners of war, a much larger, more complicated and more rancorous exchange of captives has been taking place among the Vietnamese themselves. From both sides, prisoners are emerging with tales of torture and suffering that go beyond any told by returning Americans, but that seem nonetheless to be accepted as almost commonplace in this cruel war.

The first stage went smoothly enough, with the North releasing 1,032 captives in return for some 7,000 Communists held in the South. The second swap was delayed for more than a week as the two sides quarreled over the accuracy of each other's lists. Saigon says it holds 27,000 Communists, but the Viet Cong says the true number is many times larger. Similarly, the Communists say they hold 4,785 Saigon troops, but Saigon says the real total is 36,603. By week's end some 1,500 more Communists had been released as part of the belated second stage, with Saigon pledging to free an additional 4,800, and the Viet Cong a total of 1,200, in coming days.

In all the squabbling, the sorest point of all is the status of "political prisoners." Despite the Paris settlement calling for the release of all "civilian internees," both sides are using their own vague definitions of when a nonmilitary enemy sympathizer becomes a political prisoner. Saigon says Hanoi holds

59,118 of them, while Hanoi says Saigon has more than 200,000. Whatever the true totals, neither side is ready to release political prisoners on the same schedule as the official P.O.W.s. Victims of torture on both sides, they languish in a legal never-never land, protected by neither the Paris Accords nor even the status of common criminals. Late last month, amid rumors that peace-keeping teams would inspect the notorious "tiger cages" on the South Vietnamese prison island of Con Son, Saigon set free 124 victims of "political re-education." TIME Correspondent David DeVoss interviewed several of them at a Cholon hospital and cabled this report:

It is not really proper to call them men any more. "Shapes" is a better word—grotesque sculptures of scarred flesh and gnarled limbs. At lunch at the hospital, they eat rice, fried pork and bananas, and as their chopsticks dart from bowl to mouth, they seem almost normal—but they are not. When lunch is over, they do not stand up. Years of being shackled in the tiger cages have forced them into a permanent pretzel-like crouch. They move like crabs, skittering across the floor on buttocks and palms.

They are of all ages and backgrounds. One was arrested in 1966 during Buddhist riots. Another was caught in the 1968 Tet offensive. Now all are united by deformity. "I was arrested one day in the park with my wife and children," one man says as he rubs the shackle sores on his legs. "The police attached electrodes to my genitals, broke my fingers, and hung me from the ceiling by my feet. They did these things to my wife, too, and forced my children to watch. But I never gave in."

Those who refused to renounce the Communists were carted off to the

EX-PRISONERS OF CON SON TIGER CAGES



CHARLES BENNETT

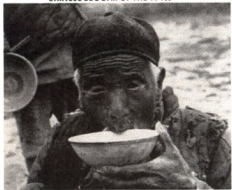
THE WORLD

French-built Con Son, 140 miles south of Saigon in the South China Sea, for political re-education. Of the 8,945 prisoners there, 6,467 are considered Communists. Due to a steady diet of beatings—as well as sand and pebbles in the rice—dysentery, tuberculosis and chronic stomach disorders were common. Water was limited to three swallows a day, forcing prisoners to drink urine. Those who pleaded for more food were splashed with lye or poked with long bamboo poles.

Things have been especially bad since the cease-fire. When told of the Paris settlement, the prisoners cheered, only to be stopped by doses of lye and bamboo. "We had hoped to begin the New Year with happiness," said one. "But my New Year began when I was doused with excrement."

So far, the government response to these accounts has been one of complete denial. Government sources say the prisoners are impostors, hired to discredit them prior to President Thieu's trip to San Clemente. Some in the government seem genuinely to doubt that the men really exist. "How can these men be alive?" asked one knowledgeable and honest government security officer. "No one ever comes back from the Con Son tiger cages alive."

CHINESE BEGGAR OF THE 1940s



MODERN SHANGHAI STREET SCENES: LIGHT TRAFFIC AT INTERSECTION, RITUALS OF OUTDOOR EXERCISES



CHINA

A Reporter Revisits Shanghai

Shanghai was once the wildest city in the world, celebrated for the ubiquity and variety of its vices, from the gambling halls and opium dens of Nanshi, the old town, to the cosmopolitan attractions of the waterfront whores of Yangtzepoo Road. This was the town where sailors got shanghai'd. Today, Shanghai is officially the biggest city on earth (pop. 10,820,000), but it is all rather different. TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan visited the metropolis and cabled this report:

MY last week in Shanghai in May of 1949 was spent watching the city go through its final agonies before Mao's forces swept in. A public execution of six black-marketeers, scapegoats of the collapsing economy, was held at the railroad station. To cover it, I had to accompany the victims in the police paddy wagon as it careened through the tangle of traffic on Nanking Road, the siren wailing and the doomed men screaming for mercy. At the station the victims were dumped into the street and then shot through the head, one by one, pointblank.

People's Park. Now we were moving down Nanking Road again. The city's main thoroughfare, once full of rickshas and pedicabs, was empty except for some blue-cad bicycles. The once glittering shopwindows were covered over by giant red billboards: LONG LIVE THE GREAT UNITY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD; HOLD HIGH THE GREAT RED BANNER OF MAO TSE-TUNG THOUGHT. We passed the old racecourse, which right after World War II had been converted into a nine-hole golf course. It was then customary for each player to use two Chinese caddies, one to carry the bag and one to watch the ball. Now the golf course had been converted into the People's Park, its club-

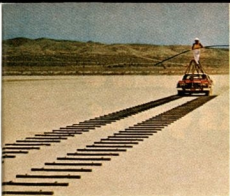
house serving as the public library.

We pulled up at the elegant Cathay Hotel, where the eighth-floor dining room overlooking the Whangpoo River used to be famous for its gin gimlets and beef Stroganoff—only now it was the Peace Hotel, and the ornate front entrance had been sealed off. A great tapestry of Yenan and a red and gold Mao-thought dominated the lobby. The dim lighting, bare walls and slipcovers on the old plush furniture gave the Cathay-Peace the half-open look of a lavish summer resort trying to squeak through the winter. The reception desk, once manned by British-accented Chinese concierges in cutaways and striped pants, was staffed by men and women of the hotel revolutionary committee, identically dressed in heavy black padded jackets and pants. They take no tips.

Upstairs, thick red carpets still covered the corridors, and the high-ceilinged rooms had all the old British furniture and fixtures, including the archaic bathtubs with U-shaped bottoms that make it difficult to stand up and take a shower. As before, the Big Ben clock on the Customs House a few blocks away sounded the hour, though Red Guards had changed the chimes to play *The East Is Red*, China's national anthem.

While the center of Shanghai has added not one new building to its skyline, the outskirts have been made over completely. Row upon row of two- and three-story gray cement apartment buildings link the city with the outlying farm land. The apartments built during the past 15 years replace the vast tracts of squatters' huts of the old days.

On a guided tour of one such apartment complex, the Feng Cheng workers' residential area, I was introduced to Cheng Wei-ping, a bus dispatcher. Cheng earns 79 yuan a month (\$39.50),



El Mirage, Calif., August 1, 1972. Bill Couch balances himself on top Torino's special rig.



Torino's wheels pound over the torturous roadbed of 2x4s, but Torino's body rides smooth.



End of run, and Bill is still balanced. If it's that smooth on top, imagine how smooth it is inside.

The solid mid-size Ford Torino.
To prove its amazingly smooth ride,
we pounded over torturous 2x4's while a
high wire artist rode steady on top.



Chances are you won't ride over roads as tough as ours, and certainly won't balance yourself on top of your Torino. But you will get a smooth ride. Torino's refined suspension helps to cushion bumps, absorb road vibrations and reduce body sway.

You'll ride with confidence too, because the 1973 Torino combines a welded body with a heavy 5 cross-member frame. Body frame construction for solid durability.

The '73 Ford Torino. Smooth Riding, Strong and Quiet Because It's a Ford.

The 1973 Gran Torino 2-door pictured in the test and pictured above is equipped with optional white sidewall tires, deluxe wheel covers, deluxe bumper guards, vinyl roof and an AM/FM stereo radio.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION



We know your old Frigidaire refrigerator still works great. But look.



We know it's reliable. We've been making reliable refrigerators for 55 years.

If you hate to part with it, paint it up and put it down in the basement. Or give it to your daughter-in-law.

We know it still works great, but our 1973 3-door Frigidaire refrigerator has so much more going for it.

If you had one, you wouldn't have to run out for ice every time the family comes over. Our automatic icemaker, a convenient option, can feed out ice all day long.

We know your old one's hard to replace. But our 3-door refrigerator (one door for the refrigerator,

one for the freezer and one for the ice cube section) lets the kids go in and out of it without exposing all the frozen foods to warm air.

And you won't have to bother with the messy chore of defrosting. Ours is Frost-Proof. It defrosts all by itself.

We've got rollers on our new one, too. So, you don't have to push and pull so hard, just to clean behind it.

Come on. When you see all the things we've built into our new Frigidaire refrigerators, you'll realize what you're missing in your great old refrigerator. Come see one this weekend. You'll see why...



Every refrigerator is not a Frigidaire.

THE WORLD

and his wife earns an identical amount in a nearby cotton mill. Their rent, however, is under 10 yuan per month for bedroom, living room, kitchen alcove and toilet—all unheated. Twenty-five years ago, such accommodations were beyond the reach of anyone but white-collar or professional workers.

Built right into each apartment complex are clinics, schools, grocery shops and usually some light industry. Like most people in Shanghai, the Chengs enjoy telephone service of a sort. On incoming calls a messenger from the telephone service center appears at the Chengs' door. The messenger fee is 1/2¢. Then, by paying another 2¢ at the service center a couple of blocks away, Cheng can connect with the calling party, provided the caller has stayed put at his own telephone center.

After 25 years there were striking changes in the people of Shanghai. In the old days, it was hard for a foreigner to walk along the Bund—the wide promenade along the Whangpoo, which has been renamed Chung Shan Road—without a procession of beggars, cripples and the just plain curious following behind. Walking to work in the old days, I had developed my own special clientele of beggars who got paid off each day, and who in return fended off the other beggars. Now the beggars and cripples were gone, but the ranks of the curious had grown.

No-Toll Bridge. One day I decided to repeat my old walk to work from the Broadway Mansions, renamed Shanghai Mansions, to my former office on the Bund. An unsmiling crowd of 200 or 300 fell in behind. We trekked over the Garden Bridge, now the "No-Toll Bridge." The Soochow Creek below smelled as bad as ever and was jammed with the same sampans that have been used to unload freighters ever since Shanghai was opened to foreign shipping in 1842 after the Opium War.

On we walked past Whangpoo Park, which until 1928 bore the sign, **NO DOGS OR CHINESE ALLOWED.** The main part of Chung Shan Road pulsates with exercisers: sword dancers, slow-motion shadowboxers practicing the ancient art of *tai chi chuan*, joggers, tumblers, wrestlers and a few elderly gentlemen who simply lean against a tree and let one leg swing free. The skilled performers draw a great collar of spectators around them. Study the faces. They are the young men and women of the new China, calm, well fed, drably dressed and always surprised at the sight of a foreigner. Only the old folks in Shanghai look at the foreigners knowingly. They have seen them before.

Finally, at No. 17 Chung Shan Road, there stood the gray stone building where TIME and LIFE had their offices on the sixth floor. I peered in through a grille and saw huge portraits of Lenin, Marx and Mao. The heavy bronze gates in the doorway of the building looked just the same. Even the faded gold mosaic of the lobby was just

a shade grimmer. Peering into the vestibule, I could see the rheumatic old elevators, still alive but having more difficulty than ever getting upstairs.

After 15 minutes of telephoning, the lady guarding the entry let me in. The building had two primary tenants, a silk-exporting agency and a violin factory. Up on the sixth floor I found my old office. The walls were filthy. Had they ever been repainted? To the bafflement of an old man poring over a thick ledger at a desk where mine once was, I vainly searched the walls for a familiar mark or crack. Outside, the lights along the Whangpoo River below were just coming on, but the neon glitter of old Shanghai is gone forever.

One Mouthful Less

China's struggle to feed its exploding population has suffered a new setback. Peking announced recently that grain output last year was down 10,000,000 metric tons from a high of 250 million tons in 1971. The reasons for the decline were heavy floods and windstorms in many parts of China and one of the worst droughts in a century in the northern provinces.

The continuing drought threatens to cut into this year's food production as well. To combat this danger, hundreds of thousands of urban office workers are being sent out to work in the countryside. In eastern Shansi province, which has had less than one-fourth of an inch of rain since October (compared with an average annual rainfall of 15 inches), Taiyuan Radio broadcast instructions that "manpower, material and finance be first concentrated on conservation projects that can give benefits this spring." Workers hope to sink 30,000 new wells and install nearly 50,000 pumps in other wells before June.

Thanks to grain imports ordered from Canada and the U.S., China does not face the acute hunger it did in the early 1960s. Nonetheless, the official journal *Red Flag* has urged every Chinese to eat one mouthful less each day. "In a country with a large population like ours," said the article, "when a person saves a mouthful of grain a day, he will save a peck in a year, and the whole nation will save up to a hundred million catties [50,000 metric tons] of grain."

PANAMA

Omar v. the Canal Zone

They have taken down the 9-ft.-high chain-link fence between Panama City's Legislative Palace and the adjacent Canal Zone—a fence that Panamanian newspapers like to compare to the Berlin Wall. In the palace itself they have built a false floor and then erected an exact replica of the U.N. Security Council conference table in New York. The only difference is that the legs are wooden instead of steel. "We

don't have any steel industry here," explained the Panamanian official in charge of the affair.

Now that these exercises of optical illusion have been completed, the U.N. is ready for one of its more unusual feats of legerdemain, a full-dress, seven-day Security Council meeting this week in Panama City. The meeting almost certainly will be used to air a variety of Latin American grievances, such as Argentina's demand for the Falkland Islands and Guatemala's demand for British Honduras. But the noisiest grievances will presumably come from the host. Panamanian Strongman Omar Torrijos calls the Canal Zone "a tumor that must go through the operating room."

Indeed, after nine years of negotiations, the U.S. and Panama are still as far apart in their views on a new Canal

BERNARD DODERICH



TORRIJOS BARNSTORMING IN PANAMA
A fire-breathing monster?

treaty as they were at the time of the bloody anti-American riots of 1964. Torrijos is demanding a treaty that grants full and immediate jurisdiction over the Canal Zone; the U.S. proposes to grant partial or gradual jurisdiction over a period of 35 years. Panama wants the U.S. Southern Command (eleven bases, 12,000 troops) dismantled, claiming that the U.S. has no treaty right to station armed forces in the Canal Zone in peacetime. Actually, the original 1903 treaty provides for U.S. defense of the Canal in both peace and war-time; Washington has proposed a joint defense agreement.

Panama is also seeking increased traffic payments in proportion to all the economic benefits that the U.S. and other nations derive from the Canal's geographic location (a saving of \$8.5 billion projected for this decade, according to a recent U.N. study). Washington has agreed to increase the current \$1.8 million annual payment (a bargain negoti-

THE WORLD

ated in 1914) to about \$25 million a year. Panama rejected this offer.

There is no question that Panama needs added revenue. In the four years since Torrijos' military junta seized power, government indebtedness has doubled to \$320 million, and simply servicing the debt takes 30% of the budget. Meanwhile, there has been almost no industrial investment in four years, and a severe drought has forced once self-sufficient Panamanians to import rice.

Much of Panama's economic mess is attributable to Torrijos. A mercurial figure of 43, Torrijos has muzzled the press and banned all political parties. Though he allows a figurehead President to sign decrees, he has had himself invested as "maximum leader of the revolution" for another six years. A much ballyhooed scheme to grow sugar cane in the Veraguas province of west-central Panama has failed miserably because the land there is too dry for sugar production. On the other hand, a new labor code that increases workers' benefits has elevated costs and lowered productivity to such an extent that some industrial firms may be threatened with bankruptcy.

For most Panamanians, however, the Canal is a far more serious worry than the politics of the Torrijos regime. As a former member of the government put it: "The manicured lawns and flower gardens of the Zone, the 50,000 Americans with a better living, the old degradations and racial discrimination—these are the causes of this claustrophobic frustration we Panamanians suffer. I'm with Omar."

So will be most of his countrymen—provided he can squeeze major concessions out of Washington. Despite the length and isolation of the Canal Zone, there is little danger of the U.S. being pushed out by force, but Washington does want to avoid accusations of Yankee imperialism. It is the U.S. Congress, however, and not the U.N. Security Council, that holds the power over ratification of any new Canal treaty, and Congress is adamantly opposed to anything suggesting a giveaway. "The whole shooting match will go down the drain unless Torrijos and Tack [Juan Tack, Panama's foreign minister] stop acting like fire-breathing monsters," said an Administration official last week. "They've been taking courses from Castro, and sure as the sun rises the Congress will not brook that stuff."

WAR CRIMES

An Upstanding Citizen

In La Paz, as in many other cities, it was carnival time last week. Masked dancers cavorted through the streets, children dressed up in demons' costumes and whole plazas were carpeted with confetti. In the midst of this celebration, a stocky, thick-necked German named Klaus Altmann sat glumly



SUSPECT KLAUS ALTMANN, 1972
Someone remembered.

in a cell of the high-walled San Pedro jail. Newly arrested after nearly 30 years as a fugitive, he confronts the prospect of a French murder trial.

There is "irrefutable evidence," according to the La Paz district attorney, that Altmann is really Klaus Barbie, the SS captain who ran the Gestapo in Lyon from 1942 to 1944. Among Barbie's crimes were the deportation of thousands of Jews and the torturing to death of several hundred Maquis, including Resistance Leader Jean Moulin. A French military court sentenced him to death *in absentia* in 1954. Four years earlier, however, Klaus Altmann had migrated from Berlin to Italy to Bolivia, where he went into business and acquired Bolivian citizenship.

Barbie was half-forgotten until 1971, when a Munich court handling litigation by some of Barbie's victims finally decided that it could take no action in the case. That aroused the ire of Beate Klarsfeld, then 32, a Berlin-born Protestant who had married a French Jew. "I don't wish to be ashamed of my people," she said. "It is my duty not to allow war criminals to be considered as fine upstanding citizens." Mrs. Klarsfeld held press conferences, organized demonstrations, circulated photographs and generally made such a fuss that she finally got a letter from a German in Lima, Peru, saying he had seen Barbie there under the name of Altmann. That prompted the French to ask for his extradition. Before the request reached Lima, Altmann retreated to Bolivia, which has no extradition treaty with France. The French nonetheless sent another request to La Paz.

After brooding over the case for more than a year—while Altmann swaggered around in a green Tyrolean hat, usually accompanied by a tough young bodyguard—the Bolivian Supreme Court finally demanded that the question of Altmann's identity be officially settled. Altmann admits to using the name Barbie as a pseudonym; he

also has a birth certificate in that name and has received mail from the Barbie family in Germany. But he is a Bolivian citizen who claims that he has broken no Bolivian law. The French argue, however, that the fugitive acquired Bolivian citizenship by fraud and that despite the lack of an extradition treaty, Bolivia must honor its World War II pledges of joint Allied action against war criminals. There is yet another possibility: Bolivia has an extradition treaty with Peru, which wants Altmann for gold smuggling, and Peru has an extradition treaty with France.

"There will be a great deal of procedure," says Beate Klarsfeld. "And it will be a long time, if ever, before Barbie gets extradited. There probably aren't any other Nazi war criminals like Barbie hiding in Bolivia or Peru today because they do not have to. The top Gestapo official for all of France, Kurt Lischka, lives openly as a respectable citizen in West Germany today."

ELECTIONS

Surprise for Allende

"Suck on that, you reactionaries!" crowed Santiago's pro-government newspaper, *Puro Chile*. It certainly had something to crow about: Socialist President Salvador Allende Gossens' Popular Unity Coalition had just managed a surprisingly strong showing in the national parliamentary elections against a special coalition of Christian Democrat and National parties.

Billed as the first head-to-head confrontation between Allende's Marxist coalition and Chile's anti-Socialist forces, the election—for all 150 Chamber of Deputies seats and 25 of the 50 Senate seats—turned out to be a sort of stalemate. That benefited Allende. While his coalition picked up only 43.4% of the vote (v. 54.7% for the opposition Democratic Confederation), it gained six seats in the lower chamber and two in



CHILE'S ALLENDE
Some hungry people.

**Lake Tahoe. You've had a great afternoon in the snow.
You deserve Seagram's V.O. The First Canadian.**

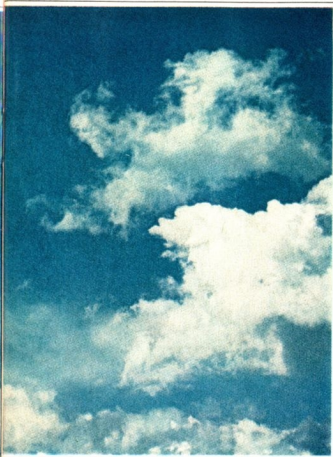
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Goodrich doesn't have a blimp,
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blimps, when we don't even have one,

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You see, in 1965, Goodrich introduced the first American-made radial tire.

For five years, nationally, we've advertised nothing else.

Not because everybody wanted radials.

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in nearly a quarter century.

No conventional tire we've ever made, none, stops as fast, corners as well, and
lasts as long as our Goodrich Lifesaver Steel Radial.

It's the result of our company's commitment, for ten years, to make the most
advanced radial tire on the road.

Now you watch. You'll probably see Goodyear featuring a steel radial, too.

Along with all their other tires.

It'll be good. But it won't be Goodrich.

And if you still get our names confused, just look up in the sky.

If you see an enormous blimp with somebody's name on it, we're
the other guys.

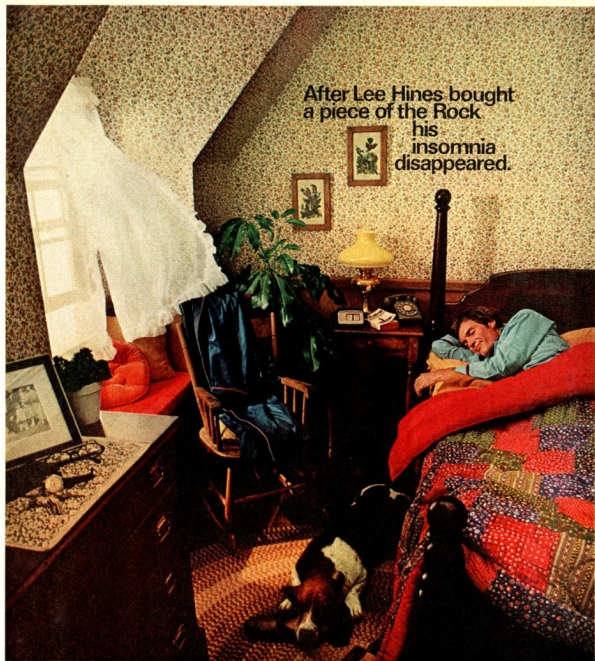


B.F. Goodrich

America's Premier Radial Tire Maker

Lifesaver[®] Steel Radials.

If you want Goodrich, you'll just have to remember Goodrich.



After Lee Hines bought
a piece of the Rock
his
insomnia
disappeared.

Three kids times four years' tuition was giving Lee Hines a bad case of college insomnia.

Sure, the kids were still young, but Lee kept wondering: "Will the money be ready when they are?"

It will now, because Lee has a piece of the Rock.

His Prudential representative helped

him use insurance protection to plan for future financial needs. And showed him how the investments Prudential makes with some of his premiums could help pay dividends on his policy.

The next time your eyes fly open at five A.M., give your Prudential representative a call.

If money worries are stealing your shut-eye, you'll sleep better with a piece of the Rock.

Own a piece of the Rock



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ALLENDE SUPPORTERS CELEBRATING IN SANTIAGO AFTER PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS

the Senate. This still leaves the opposition parties in control but gives them far less than the two-thirds majority needed to stop government programs.

Allende was properly flabbergasted. The vote surpassed the 36.2% that he himself had received when elected President in 1970, and it was three points above the 40% maximum predicted by the most optimistic Popular Unity pundits. What had happened? For one thing, the opposition had wrongly counted on defeating Allende by emphasizing Chile's economic problems—inflation and consumer-goods shortages—for Allende's regime has actually increased the purchasing power of many working-class families. In addition, the electorate grew 16.6% through the enfranchisement of several previously barred groups—18-year-olds, illiterates and the blind (who marked Braille ballots). Many of these new voters are poor and most voted for Allende.

Last week's "victory" hardly solves his problems, however. Although the soaring price of copper (up from 46¢ to 68¢ per pound) could bring Chile an extra \$300 million in hard currency this year, the nation will have to import twice that much in food just to maintain current standards.

And current standards are none too good. Block-long lines form for a chance to buy even a pack of cigarettes or a liter of cooking oil. Beef is all but forgotten.

Meanwhile, foreign currency reserves have been exhausted, inflation soared at a rate of 163% last year and this year's trade deficit is expected to surpass \$500 million. Says one foreign economist in Santiago: "By July or August there will be some very hungry people in Chile." Says Allende: "There are higher values than a piece of meat or a kilogram of potatoes."

Mandate for Mujib

Standing on a platform draped with white cloth to look like a boat—the campaign symbol of the Awami League—Bangladesh Prime Minister Sheikh Mujibur Rahman delivered his last campaign speech at the little village of Dirai north of Dacca. The village is accessible only by boat or on foot (or, in the Prime Minister's case, by helicopter), but by the time Mujib arrived, 20,000 people had crowded in from as far as 25 miles away to hear the man they call *Bangabandhu* (Friend of Bengal).

"I have not been able to give you two meals a day," Mujib told them. "I have not always been able to give you one meal a day. But not a single person has died of starvation." Then, reminding his audience to vote for the symbol of the boat in the country's first national election, he asked them "to put up both your hands if you have confidence in me." A forest of hands shot up, and lusty shouts of "*Joi Bangla*" (Victory to Bengal) rang out.

When Bangladesh last had an election, in 1970, it was still under Pakistani rule. Mujib's Awami League won a majority, entitling him to become Prime Minister, but the Pakistani army moved in, arresting Mujib and slaughtering his followers during a nine-month civil war. Last week, just before the vote, one old villager said: "In this village we will vote 16 annas in the rupee (100%) for *Bangabandhu*. We love Mujib. We want to show him how much we love him." At the polls, Bangladesh's 35 million voters did indeed show their devotion to Mujib, giving the 53-year-old Prime Minister a nearly unanimous mandate. With 300 seats in the National Parliament at stake, the Awami League captured 291.

If there was a troubling element this

time, it was the lack of genuine political opposition. No fewer than 15 other parties, all of them to the left of the Awami League, entered the race, but their campaigning was frequently half-hearted. Still, there were charges and counter-charges that posters were ripped down by political opponents as soon as they were put up, and at times the bitterness spilled over into violence. "I fought for democracy, went to jail for it, and I believe in it," said Mujib. "But I can't create an opposition just to show there is one."

Mujib says that his first priority now will be a campaign to increase food production. "We cannot keep on getting food from abroad as a gift," he declared last week. Even though the United Nations will continue its efforts to supply food to Bangladesh to make up the deficit in the country's food production, Mujib is anxious to prove that Bangladesh is capable, finally, of managing on its own.

Rebuke for Park

When they went to the polls under martial-law conditions last November, South Koreans dutifully gave 91% approval to a new constitution that awarded President Chung Hee Park sweeping powers and unlimited terms of office in which to use them. But recent elections for the National Assembly provide a different story. Despite curbs on press coverage, legislation banning door-to-door canvassing and the best efforts of the secret police to stir up trouble within the opposition, Park's Democratic Republican Party won only 38% of the vote, while candidates who campaigned against him polled a surprising 42%.

Park suffered a slight loss of face, but little else. His new constitution allows him to appoint one-third of the assembly's 219 delegates; last week the rubber-stamp National Conference for Unification overwhelmingly approved Park's nominees, guaranteeing him a comfortable majority.

At the same time, the regime pressed on with its efforts to fulfill Park's goal of "maximum efficiency in regimenting national strength." Under one typical new decree, South Koreans are no longer allowed to serve liquor or food to guests at weddings or funerals; anyone who wears mourning dress during funeral periods, uses funeral flags, or displays more than three wreaths at family ceremonies stands to get fined up to \$1,250. Too many social customs, explained Health and Social Affairs Minister Lee Kyung Ho, are "wasteful in terms of money and time. They must be corrected."

Opposition leaders acknowledged that the election had brought them no power to resist Park. Said one of them, former Foreign Minister Yil Yung Hyon: "All we can do is to speak out to remind people that there is an alternative."



ROSE KENNEDY & JACKIE ONASSIS IN FLORIDA



WALTER CRONKITE IN HANOVER, N.H.



SHOICHI & MIHOKO YOKOI ON GUAM

What was already one of the splashiest Palm Beach seasons in years suddenly got even splashier when **Jacqueline and Aristotle Onassis** steamed in from Haiti on their 325-ft. yacht *Christina* to visit **Rose Kennedy**. Hidden behind her usual oversized sunglasses, with a kerchief pulled low on her forehead, Jackie cut the press dead. Ari, tanned and shirtless, waved, smiled and carried on from the deck. Later Ari showed off his Greek dances at a party. Jackie said they were Greek by way of Argentina—Ari's home for a number of years. Ari was too busy dancing to hear.

After hours of frolicking and rollicking, who should emerge from his disguise as the king of Dartmouth College's Mardi Gras Ball but CBS Newsmen **Walter Cronkite**. Elaborately robed, crowned and masked, Cronkite was the guest of Dartmouth President John Kemeny, who last year presented him with an honorary degree. Unmasked, Cronkite said, "It's nice to be able to fool everyone one night of the year when there are some politicians who claim we do it every night."

World War II ended for **Shoichi Yokoi**, 57, only last year when the former Japanese imperial army corporal was found hiding out in the jungles of Guam. Now a prosperous tailor in Nagoya, Yokoi brought his new bride Mihoko, 45, back to the island for their honeymoon. Visiting his cave hideout, a favorite spot with tourists these days, Yokoi asked: "How could I have wasted all those years in this dirty hole?" Trapped in the jungle for a couple of steamy hours because of helicopter trouble, Yokoi muttered that he simply "hated the looks of the jungle" and couldn't wait to get back to Japan.

For a relaxed night at the White House, the President invited 250 guests to join him for an evening with Entertainer **Sammy Davis Jr.** Davis, a notably lapsed Democrat, reminded his audience of the moment in Miami Beach when he locked the President in a now famous bear hug at the Republican National Convention: "Where else but in America could one grown man hug another grown man and get invited to his house?" Another of Nixon's friends, Businessman **C.G. ("Bebe") Rebozo**, observed, "It's funny but President Nixon and Sammy Davis Jr. are a lot alike—in a very different way."

Dr. Robert Atkins, a thin, balding cardiologist and author of the runaway bestseller *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, was suddenly out of the fat and into the fire. His "revolution" involves eating virtually no starches or sugars. Such a diet supposedly stimulates a group of fat mobilizers, one of which is FMH, a

hormone that Atkins claims governs the release of stored fat from body deposits. Now the American Medical Association Council on Foods and Nutrition charges that the diet is "neither new nor revolutionary" and that "no such hormone as FMH has been established in man." Atkins responded that his experience with 10,000 patients proves the diet works and is healthful. With 750,000 copies of his book in print, Atkins was counting more than calories.

Sir Rudolf Bing, 71, the former general manager of the Metropolitan Opera whose laser-beam wit has terrorized and delighted the music world, seems to have decided that he can take the knocks onstage as well as give them off. After signing up to play three performances for the Met's youthful rival, the New York City Opera, Bing explained how he was chosen for a nonsinging, nonspeaking role in a new production of Hans Werner Henze's *The Young Lord*: "Julius Rudel [the director] called me and said, 'In the opera, there is an old lord who is elegant, arrogant and distinguished. I think you are just right for the part.'" Mused Bing: "The only other times I appeared onstage were to announce in front of the curtain that Mr. [Franco] Corelli would not sing tonight. And I did that often enough."

After being gunned down in front of his Northwest Washington house on January 30, Senator **John Stennis**, 71, was well on the mend. "The old man is in good spirits," said one of his medics at Walter Reed General Hospital. "He's still got plenty of fire. He blew his stack when he heard about the Arabs killing the American ambassador!" Stennis will have to spend another month or so in the hospital before he is ready for discharge, but he is already thinking about Senate business. At his suggestion, Senator **Stuart Symington** presented a resolution on committee funding to the Senate Rules Committee.

Clifford Irving and his wife Edith, architects of the **Howard Hughes** autobiography hoax, were united again in a way: both were behind bars, albeit separated by 4,000 miles and stone walls. Clifford was sentenced to 2½ years in the Lewisburg, Pa., federal prison last August; he has since been transferred to the Danbury (Conn.) prison, after alcohol was found in his possession. Last week in Zurich, a three-judge Swiss court sentenced Edith to two years for fraud and forgery, including signing "H.R. Hughes" to three checks totaling \$650,000. She complained that "this joke of the century destroyed Cliff's and my career." They, Edith claimed, face debts and legal claims of \$750,000, with the IRS ready to add another \$500,000 in back taxes.

The French Connection

In professional sports, "expansion team" usually means pushover. The handy euphemism applies to a new franchise that is expected to spend the better part of a decade trying to "expand" an assortment of castoffs and apprentices into a respectable team. Not in Buffalo, however. In only their third year in the National Hockey League, the Buffalo Sabres have a chance to win a Stanley Cup play-off berth. There are three main reasons: Gilbert Perreault, Richard Martin and René Robert. Together they make up what Buffalo hockey fans call the "French Connection," the most formidable young line in the N.H.L.

Swooping and slashing down the ice, the shaggy-haired trio is a French Canadian version of a banzai attack. Perreault, 22, from Victoriaville, Que.,

DAVID LOOKE



SABRES' PERREAULT RACES DOWN ICE Banzai attack.

centers the line with an extraordinary swift and shifty move. On his left is Martin, 21, from Montreal, a deceptive dervish with an overpowering slapshot. And on the right is Robert, 24, from Trois Rivières, Que., a stylish sharpshooter who is the line's leading scorer. So far this season, the three have collectively scored 212 points (92 goals, 120 assists) and are the principal reason why the Sabres are battling the Detroit Red Wings for fourth place in the N.H.L.'s East division. Last week the Sabres played a pair of 2-2 ties with the California Golden Seals and the Los Angeles Kings to maintain a slim lead over Detroit. After being victimized by the French Connection, New York Islanders' Goalie Billy Smith marveled: "How they walked around me I'll never know. They're better skaters,

better shooters and faster than [Boston's] Esposito's line."

The existence of the French Connection reflects the recruiting skill of Sabres' General Manager "Punch" Imlach, the savvy former coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. "I've always considered myself lucky," says Imlach, whose Toronto teams won four Stanley Cups, "but I've never been so fortunate as with the Sabres." To determine which expansion team would get first choice in the 1970 player draft, Imlach gained the rights to Perreault by winning a spin on a numbered gaming wheel. Perreault, who, Imlach predicts, "is going to be the greatest hockey player in the world," scored a first-year record of 38 goals and skated off with Rookie of the Year honors.

The next year Imlach drafted Martin, who proceeded to break Perreault's record with 44 goals in his freshman season. Then, in a crafty trade late last season, Imlach rescued Robert from the Pittsburgh Penguins' bench. After experimenting with a half-dozen possibilities, Sabres' Coach Joe Crozier matched Robert with Perreault and Martin, and the French Connection clicked.

All three are superior stickmen, all are fast, all are smart. Says Minnesota North Stars' Defenseman Barry Gibbs: "Perreault is certainly among the best centers in the game, if not the best. He's really quick." Perreault and Martin played together for two years in Canadian junior hockey and thus knew each other's moves almost instinctively. Robert has adapted quickly and is the line's best backchecker. Defense against them is a problem. "You can put out a checking line against some other team's best line," says Gibbs, "but it's foolish to try to check these guys—Perreault's just too good with the puck."

Good as Perreault and his wingers are, the Sabres still have some way to go. The other Buffalo lines lack scoring punch, the defense is inconsistent and the team has done poorly on the road—all of which means that the Sabres are unlikely to win the Stanley Cup this year. But with the proven quality of the French Connection and Imlach's building skills, Buffalo may soon be challenging the old, established N.H.L. teams for pro hockey's biggest prize.

The Flying Fräulein

In full flight down an Alp's snowy flank, Austria's Annemarie Proell resembles nothing so much as a controlled crash about to happen. Feet well apart, arms locked to her thighs, in an awkward-looking squat that offends purists, she rockets out of the starting gate toward the first turn. Her motives for that

*Center Phil Esposito, Wingers Wayne Cashman and Ken Hodge.

all-out start are direct: "I try to risk as much as possible in the first few gates," she says. "It makes the competition nervous—I know they watch me."

This winter Annemarie has not only made the competition nervous, but she has nearly demolished it. Her friends call her style "brutal." She stays in her patented crouch through her entire run. More prudent racers straighten up from time to time—at the cost of a fraction of a second—as emergencies dictate. Proell disdains such caution and her total abandon has already won her two World Cups. She is assured of a third before the spring thaw. This season she won all eight women's downhill races, becoming the world's first skier—male or female—to score a sweep in one of the three Alpine events.* In late December, she cracked Jean-Claude Killy's record of 18 World Cup race victories; as of last week, she had won 28, making her, at age 19, the winningest cup skier of all.

Proell burst on the Alpine scene in 1969: a skinny, blonde 15-year-old with

OYEN SIMON



ANNEMARIE PROELL ROUNDING A GATE Brutal style.

freckles, who was the youngest member of Austria's eight-girl national skiing team. Two years later, after packing another 40 pounds on her 5 ft 6 in. frame (she now weighs a chunky 150), she won her first World Cup.

Annemarie's success story was as schmaltzy as a Viennese operetta. Born to a poor mountain-farm family in Klein-Arl near Salzburg, she was the sixth of eight children. When "Annemarie" was 4, her father whittled her first pair of skis. "From then on," says her mother, "I hardly saw Annemarie during the day. She even skipped breakfast to make a few runs before school began." She paid at best only minimal attention to her studies during her nine years of schooling, much preferring to test, and

*Downhill, slalom, and giant slalom.

King George IV. The only prestige Scotch that costs less here than in London.



From Scotland to Singapore—all over the world—King George IV costs just as much as other prestige Scotches.

But here it's the only one you can buy for a remarkably low price. And it's the very same Scotch.

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SPORT

often beat the boys in climbing, skiing, even schoolyard brawling.

That spirit carried her through her one major setback so far: failure to win in the 1972 Winter Olympics at Sapporo. The Austrians went into that competition confident of success, and Annemie was expected to pick off a gold medal or two with little trouble. The team's morale was destroyed, however, by the controversial disqualification of Star Skier Karl Schranz (TIME, Feb. 14, 1972), and Annemie had to settle for a pair of silver medals. After that setback, she thought of giving up skiing, but the mood lasted only a short time. Then she threw herself into her harsh training regime, modeled after that of a prizefighter—long-distance runs, shadow boxing and rope jumping—and had a metal plaque made for the dashboard of her car: NEVER FORGET SAPPORO. Said Proell to a friend: "When I'm second, I see red."

Kid Sisters. If anything ever lures Proell away from skiing, auto racing might do it. Romance for the moment runs a poor third. Her current car is a hopped-up Ford Capri, painted black and gold in the colors of Brazil's World Champion Emerson Fittipaldi. She is renowned for flogging it along slippery Alpine roads at speeds of up to 160 m.p.h. Whenever her training schedule permits, she flies off to Grand Prix races to watch the progress of such motoring pals as Fittipaldi, Jackie Stewart and Jackie Ickx.

But her skiing days seem far from ended. Last week she was racing in World Cup competition in Alaska, after a painful fall that knocked her out of a cup weekend in Quebec. Beyond the current North American tour there is next year's World Cup and, in 1976, the Olympics in Innsbruck, Austria. How long will she continue to ski? "I don't know," she says, "but there will be Proells on the slopes for years to come. Wait until you see my kid sisters—they'll be the best yet."

Designated Success

Score one for the American League and its "designated hitter" experiment (TIME, Jan. 22). In the first game of the 1973 exhibition season last week, which matched the American League's Minnesota Twins and the National's Pittsburgh Pirates, each team played according to the rules of its own league. Thus the Twins had the advantage of putting a hitter in the pitcher's batting-order spot without removing the pitcher from the game. The Twins' designee, Outfielder Larry Hise, drove home seven runs with a pair of homers as Minnesota won 12-4.

"It's a wonderful rule," said Hise, whose career batting average is a modest .236. Pirates' Manager Bill Virdon, who will not have to contend with the innovation once the regular season begins, had a different view: "It's not fair, playing nine men against ten."

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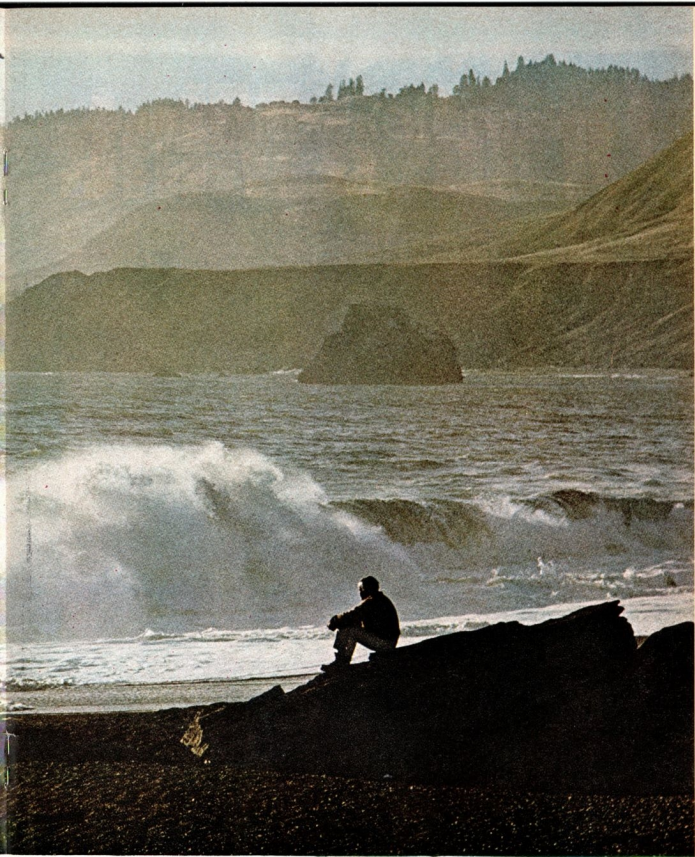


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Pour Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint over crushed ice in a mist glass. Sip with a straw.



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Combine 1 1/4 oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Vodka, 1/2 oz. cream. Shake with cracked ice and serve in a champagne saucer. Garnish with grated chocolate.



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Combine in a mug 1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint and 6 oz. hot chocolate made with milk and unsweetened chocolate. Top with whipped cream. Garnish with grated chocolate and use candy cane as stirrer.



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To hold you over, try the above recipes. Then sit back and see why more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand. Chocolate Mint, 54 proof; Hiram Walker's Vodka, distilled from grain, 80 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

THE LAW

A Different Conspiracy

The incident was familiar enough. A milling crowd of demonstrators, a stone thrown through a glass door, an angry scramble with authorities that led to the arrest of ten people by federal agents. The catchall charge—conspiracy, along with various related offenses—was not unprecedented either. But it was conspiracy with a difference. Far from being yuppies or antiwar militants, the defendants were middle-aged, middle-class white-collar citizens, and the cause of their anger was the Internal Revenue Service. In December, the San Diego Ten, as they would doubtless prefer not to be known, were duly tried and convicted for their part in a demonstration against Government policy. Last week, as they appeared for sentencing, some of them faced the theoretical prospect of 20 years in prison.

The "conspiracy" began last May, after the IRS decided that John Heck Jr., owner of the Heck Transfer and Storage Co., a small San Diego moving outfit, owed \$9,500 in back taxes and penalties. Heck, 55, had been trying to come up with the lump-sum back payment. But after five months Internal Revenue grew impatient. Using their power to act without any court order, IRS agents simply seized six of Heck's trucks and some office equipment to satisfy the debt. Had Heck's company been a financially embarrassed major corporation, he might have been allowed to pay off in installments or under some other mutually agreeable settlement.

A few days after the seizure, about 80 protesters gathered outside the stor-

age company office. It was Heck who threw the stone through his own door. The IRS had changed the lock, pending removal of the seized equipment. In the scuffle some demonstrators were shoved into the building and federal agents were jostled.

Angry at the crowd's actions, the IRS chose to bring the problematic conspiracy charges. Specifically, the ten were accused of "conspiracy to rescue seized property" and "conspiracy to assault or impede a federal officer." Conspiracy charges of late have proved tricky indeed, and the Government has been unable to make them stick in such cases as those of the Chicago Seven and the alleged Kissinger kidnap plotters. In San Diego the jury spent three days poring over the evidence before convicting the ten on varying charges.

One of those convicted, Henry Hohenstein, vice president of a successful real estate investment business, had driven an hour and a half from Redondo Beach merely to observe the protest for an anti-IRS book he was working on. Appalled by the conspiracy charges, he said he had never laid eyes on Heck before the day of the demon-

himself a fiscal conservative and strong civil libertarian, claims to be acting in the tradition of Thoreau and Paine. Says Heck, a conservative Republican who voted for Wallace last year: "Our founding fathers didn't throw out George III to have the IRS do worse."

Obviously aware of the emotional flames that would be fanned by stiff sentences, Judge Leland Nielsen last week announced, "I am not going to make martyrs out of them by sending them to jail." He reversed Hohenstein's conviction and ordered a new trial for him. Nielsen gave the others suspended sentences and probation for six to 36 months, plus fines ranging from \$50 to \$1,000. Meanwhile, Heck has sold his San Diego office to repay IRS and has re-opened in nearby El Cajon.

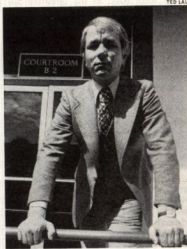
Cons as Guinea Pigs

Prisoners today furnish virtually the entire pool of subjects for the initial human testing of all new drugs in the U.S., Author Jessica Mitford reported recently. Not everyone is happy about that fact—least of all Superintendent Hoyt Cupp of the Oregon State Penitentiary. In the *Walled Street Bulletin*, the prison's newspaper, Cupp argued that the poverty of prisoners as well as the reality of their incarceration meant that it was impossible for them to be truly "free agents" when asked to participate in medical-testing programs. For those reasons, all the Oregon prison's experimentation programs have now been phased out.

Cupp's unusual action ended the participation of some 200 convicts in various projects, some of which had been going on for 20 years. The research had included allergy experiments in which inmates got various substances injected under their skin to gauge their effect; the pay was \$6 per visit to the doctor. More controversial was testing in connection with development of a male contraceptive pill. Volunteers received \$10 a month for weekly sperm specimens, plus \$25 for periodic biopsies of the scrotal skin. After a year, they were paid a \$100 bonus, and underwent mandatory vasectomies because, in some cases, their testicles had been exposed to the possibility of radiation damage.

The prison's 1,200 inmates may not be all that happy about the warden's action on their behalf. Law Professor Herman Schwartz of the State University of New York (at Buffalo), who was a key legal adviser to inmates during and after the Attica riots, opposes such experiments because he believes the convicts are generally "too beaten down to give meaningful consent." But he also admits that "some of the prisoners do want it." And not only for the money involved, or for a possible break from parole boards. A major attraction in many cases, says Schwartz, is that "for a while you are treated as a human being, even though you are a guinea pig."

HECK (CENTER RIGHT) AT PROTEST



HOHENSTEIN AT FEDERAL COURTHOUSE
Reminders of George III.

tion. After the verdict, he reports, contributions began coming in from all over the country for his defense. Said one sympathetic Texas woman (who sent \$5): "Good luck. I've dealt with those bastards before but I always lose."

The San Diego Ten claim to be part of a grass-roots anti-IRS movement in the U.S. While it is growing more vocal, its strength is hard to gauge, in part because IRS, which is in the best position to know, prefers not to discuss it. One of the informal movement's contentions is clear enough, however: seizure without a court order violates due process of law. Hohenstein, who styles



Switch Pitchers

It began last spring as a joke. The friendly foursome saw a movie together and then went out partying. That was when the idea first came up. "We laughed about it like a bunch of high school kids," one of the four recalls. Six months later, the idea became a reality when New York Yankee Pitchers Mike Kekich and Fritz Peterson swapped wives. Peterson's wife Marilyn moving in with Mike while Susanne Kekich went to live with Fritz.

Last week Mike and Fritz publicly acknowledged what Susanne, with a giggle, calls "the most unique trade in baseball history." The players also let it be known that the switch (an open secret

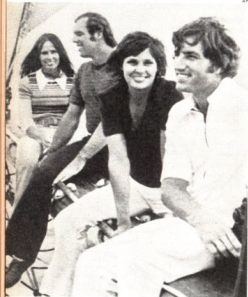
"Fritz and I went in one car and Mike and Marilyn in the other. They didn't show up for 2½ hours."

Fritz takes the story from there: "Mike started to campaign for my wife about last August. He told me he loved Marilyn more than Susanne. There wasn't anything dirty about it." Within a month, Susanne told the *New York Post*, she and Fritz began sleeping together. But, she admits, "Mike and Marilyn had a much more romantic, exciting relationship than Fritz and I." She insists, nevertheless, that her affair "was not on the rebound because Mike and Marilyn fell in love."

Whatever their motives, the four held a conference sometime that summer and decided on a trial swap, agreeing, with remarkable forethought, that if the trade were not agreeable to everyone, all would go back to their original partners. In the course of this parley, no detail was overlooked. Each couple had two children, so it was decided that the older child of each marriage would live with his father, the younger one with his mother. There was even an agreement to exchange family dogs.

Guilty. For a while after the swap, things were rosy; as the talkative Susanne related last week, "Mike and Marilyn were thrillingly in love. I thought it was so beautiful." They all thought it so beautiful, in fact, that they contemplated not only a double divorce but a double wedding. Then the glow faded. On December 5, they switched back to their original partners, but "Marilyn cried for Mike," Fritz says, and the attempted reconciliation lasted only nine days. On December 14, there was another, presumably last switch. But Marilyn, influenced by what Mike calls her "background," felt too guilty to continue living with him and moved out.

At week's end the two couples' biggest worry, apparently, was what people would think. "Don't make this out to be *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*," Susanne admonished reporters. "Don't say this was wife swapping." Mike echoes, "because we didn't swap wives, we swapped lives." Other members of the Yankees rallied around their teammates. Said Outfielder Ron Swoboda: "This is a now situation, and baseball players are part of the now world." Catcher Thurman Munson agreed. "It ain't going to bother me," he said. "The only thing that's going to bother me is what they do on the mound." Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn predicted a "strained relationship" between Teammates Fritz and Mike ("I'd like to kill him," Mike said furiously). Nonetheless Yankee General Manager Lee MacPhail dismissed rumors that one of the pitchers would soon be involved in a conventional trade to avoid dissension. But he did admit to one concern: "We may have to call off Family Day."



MARILYN & MIKE & SUSANNE & FRITZ
"Thrillingly in love."

in the baseball world for months) is already going sour. True, Fritz and Susanne are still living together. But Marilyn has gone home to her mother, leaving Mike, in his words, "out in the cold, the only one who has nothing."

The relationship between the Petersons and Kekiches began conventionally in 1969, when Kekich joined the Yankees and the two pitchers became friends. Their families began seeing a lot of each other and, Kekich says, there was "a tremendous amount of affection and compatibility all around." Indeed there was. It became more than that about the time of the movie double date last year and really peaked in July. According to Susanne, "We left a party together and sat in Fritz's car considering the idea of going home with opposite partners." Deciding to discuss it further at a nearby restaurant, Susanne says,



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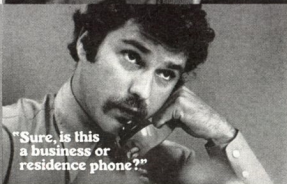
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Ivory Tower Tempest

For years the Institute for Advanced Study hummed quietly with the intellectual energies of men like Albert Einstein, J. Robert Oppenheimer. Now the halls of its large Georgian central building, set on an isolated wooded hilltop near Princeton University, are filled with outraged mutterings about "breach of confidence," "contemptible conduct" and "second-rate scholarship." This uncharacteristic rancor surrounds an epic struggle between a majority of the institute's faculty and its director, Economist Carl Kayser.

The immediate issue is whether Sociologist Robert N. Bellah, 46, a professor at Berkeley, is worthy of being named to the institute's permanent faculty. Sociologists Talcott Parsons and David Riesman of Harvard, where Bellah once taught, consider him an "extraordinary" scholar in his field, the sociology of religion. Now, however, he is caught in a contest between the "hard" scientists in mathematics at the institute and the "softer" social scientists. The real issue is only partly his credentials as a scholar: the larger question is who will chart the institute's future.

The institute grants no degrees, has no scheduled courses and no laboratories. It has 28 permanent faculty members—ten mathematicians, six natural scientists, ten historians and two social scientists. They, and the 131 others who visit for a year, devote their time to research and writing. The institute, which is not part of Princeton University, was founded in 1930 as an ivory-towered haven for leading mathematicians and gradually expanded to include schools of natural science (physics) and historical studies. Over the years, however, tension developed between the mathematicians and humanists. Once the mathematicians suggested that rather than expand its library, the institute should throw out books over 25 years old. Later they so bitterly contested the credentials of two physicists whom Director Oppenheimer wanted on the faculty that he withdrew the nominations.

By deferring to faculty opinion, Oppenheimer prevented open warfare. Not so Kayser. Now 53, he is a blunt, graying man who once taught economics at Harvard. Fresh from five years of advising Presidents Kennedy and Johnson on national security and disarmament, he succeeded Oppenheimer in 1966. The switch from scholar-intellectual to action-intellectual offended many of the mathematicians. Even worse, Kayser and the trustees announced that they intended to found a New School of Social Sciences. "We know more about the atom than about ourselves," Kayser says, "and the consequences are everywhere to be seen."

The faculty resented not being consulted on his plans, but at first Kayser calmed them by moving slowly. Not until 1970 did he make his first appointment to the School of Social Science—naming Anthropologist Clifford Geertz as head—and it received no opposition. Last October, however, when he decided to nominate Bellah, he aroused that special combination of incandescent anger and pettiness of which large intellects are sometimes capable.

Symbols. For a "hard" scientist, Bellah's work made an easy target. He does not rely on mathematical models or statistical samples. He is a compara-



CARL KAYSER IN HIS OFFICE
A vote of no confidence.

tive and historical sociologist who "makes sense of other people's data." His interest in religion, in fact, may be one reason he is held in low esteem by some scientists. As Institute Physicist Freeman Dyson notes: "There are a lot of scientists who consider religion as a childhood disease." Logician Morton White dismissed Bellah's work as "pedestrian and pretentious." Mathematician André Weil called him "not of the intellectual and academic quality of a professor at the institute." When Geertz challenged their credentials to judge, White retorted: "This guy doesn't write in Chinese, in Japanese, or in mathematical symbols we can't understand. This wasn't a case of no spikka da English."

To resolve the dispute, the opinion of five outside scholars was sought. Three experts in his specialty endorsed him heartily; the other two had reservations. That convinced the mathematicians that Bellah could not be first rate. By 14 to 7 the faculty urged Kayser to withdraw the nomination. He refused.

and the trustees appointed Bellah.

That incensed most of the faculty. "This is an outrageous breach of procedure," declared Classical Philosopher Harold F. Cherniss of the School of Historical Studies. Dissenters mailed copies of the minutes of faculty discussions to sympathetic colleagues. They also sent letters critical of Bellah's work to the *New York Times*, a step that Bellah called "contemptible." Then they demanded that the trustees appoint an outside commission to evaluate Kayser's stewardship—which amounted to a vote of no confidence.

The trustees refused and Kayser declined to resign. He insists that the faculty vote against Bellah was only advisory, and that the future of the institute will be charted by the director and trustees. He suggests that the faculty "cool down and get back to work." Bellah also has refused to resign. Viewing himself as a scapegoat, he says, half-jokingly: "This place lacks the normal frictions to release aggressions, so they come out in situations like this." Then, rather sadly gazing out of his window, he adds: "You know, this is a somewhat strange place."

A New Commissioner

The U.S. Commissioner of Education used to be regarded as the Federal Government's chief spokesman for learning. About eight months ago, however, Sidney P. Marland Jr. stepped up to become an Assistant Secretary of HEW, and President Nixon did not nominate a new successor until last week. His choice: John R. Ottina, 41, a seasoned administrator who has had little firsthand experience in education. After earning his doctorate in educational psychology from the University of Southern California in 1964, he did teach math for two years in a public high school in his native Los Angeles. But then he became a systems analyst, eventually rising to chairman of Worldwide Information Systems, a management-consulting firm in Los Angeles, before moving to Washington, D.C., as deputy commissioner in 1970.

A decisive executive who frequently works twelve-hour days, he argues that school problems "are as much managerial and financial as they are questions of educational philosophy" and that policy should be set by Marland, not by the commissioner. Nevertheless, Ottina's nomination dismayed groups such as the National Education Association, which announced it would oppose Senate confirmation on the grounds that the job should go to someone with more educational experience. But it is in keeping with the pattern of other appointments in the President's second term. At a time when Nixon wants to cut federal aid to education, he has apparently decided that he wants a manager rather than an advocate in charge of the agency's 2,900 employees and \$5 billion budget.

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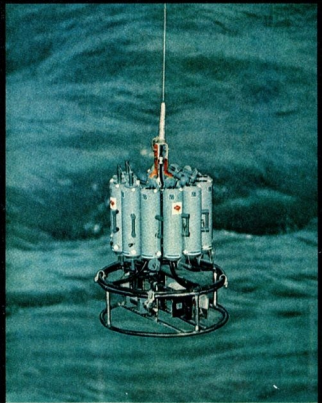
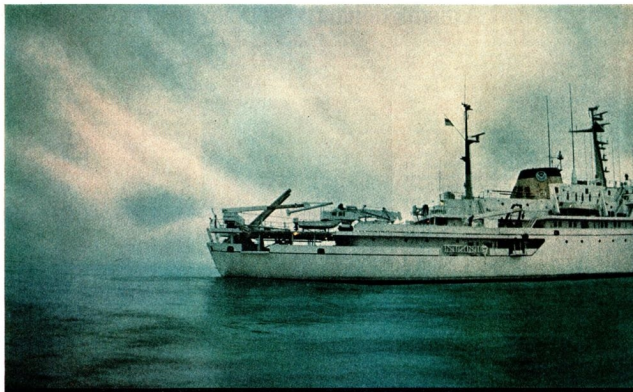
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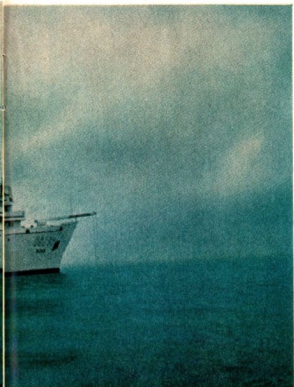
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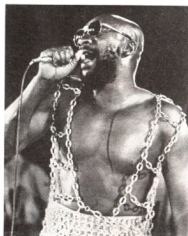
Sounds of Pride

WATTSTAX

Directed by MEL STUART

Last summer in Watts, the Stax records organization sponsored a free concert for 100,000 black citizens, who came to Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum for a day of soul and solidarity. The performers were under contract to Stax, so their appearances were in the nature of command performances. They all showed substantial enthusiasm, however, and judging from this film, the crowd responded with easy joy—and with pride in being there and being black.

Wattstax, a record of the event, is as



ISAAC HAYES IN "WATTSTAX"
Soul and solidarity.

casually diverting as most rock-concert documentaries, but it is a little something more besides, a tentative attempt to gauge the feeling of a ghetto. Director Stuart uses the music as an expression of common feeling, and he intercuts concert footage with interview material shot on the streets of Watts. The result is necessarily superficial, but it does give the people a voice, and the tone is insistent and important.

Some six years after Watts went up in flames, the racial wounds still ache. "I been down so long," one black man says, "the thought of getting up never even entered my mind." Stuart links *Wattstax* together with some hilarious monologues by Comic Richard Pryor, who wrings laughs from such shared frustration and humiliation. His stories of everyday hassling, of being regularly rousted by the cops, are spun out in street jargon with a kind of furious cool. What makes the jokes sting is not punch lines but lethal accuracy.

The music is mostly mediocre. Some of it, like that of Isaac Hayes, who breathes out his lyrics like Holy Writ, is clumsy and pretentious. Rufus Thom-



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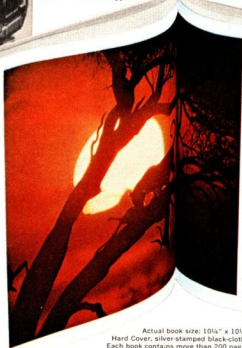
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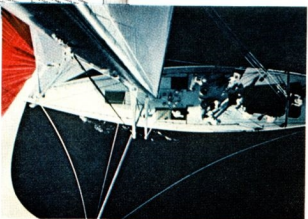
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as is the only one who really makes things work. He performs *Funky Chicken*, strutting smartly about the stage splendidly attired in shocking-pink cape with matching shirt and Bermuda shorts and white vinyl boots as if he will never come home to roost. It is a performance of ebullient self-parody, one that the kids in the stadium seem to enjoy. It is unfortunate that the Code and Rating Administration will not let kids see it in theaters unless their parents (or "an adult guardian") can get them past *Wattstax's* R classification. Such a harsh rating was assigned presumably because of the scruffy slang in the film, the sort of language street kids hear and use every day. It is a part of life that they all share, but one that the censors, by some convoluted hypocrisy, would forbid them on-screen. ■ J.C.

Now This Message

SLITHER

Directed by HOWARD ZIEFF
Screenplay by W.D. RICHTER

There is a fairly promising plot notion here, a little like one of Thomas Pynchon's wonderland allegories. A motley but not unlikable crew of misfits chases around rural California in quest of a greenback grail: \$312,000 in cash embezzled from a talent agency years earlier. James Caan, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser barrel



KELLERMAN & CAAN IN "SLITHER"
Greenback grail.

over the back roads towing an Air-stream Land Yacht, pursued by two absurdly sinister motor homes painted dead black and piloted by unseen, relentless drivers.

But Director Zieff does not make the fantasy of the script quite abstract enough, nor his odd, self-consciously cute characters quite believable enough. Whimsy and reality, neither fully realized, cancel each other out. Caan, a perennially baffled ex-con, basically plays

straight man to Boyle as a bunko artist-bandleader and Lasser as the bandleader's addled spouse, both of whom are amiably funny throughout. Kellerman, a souped-up Bonnie Parker, pushes much too hard, perhaps in reaction to Zieff's almost laboriously studied direction, which favors lingering takes and long pauses.

Still, *Slither* is intermittently interesting and almost always diverting. There are some quiet laughs, and those ominous black campers exert a weird, compulsive kind of suspense, although they are a lot more intriguing in their cryptic malevolence than in the mundane explanation eventually dispensed by the scenarist.

The movie boasts some of Cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs' customarily exquisite work and an abundance of character actors chosen for their rather too picturesque physiognomies. Zieff was formerly a prominent director of TV ads (*Slither* is his first feature), and he has cast most of the small parts with the sort of eccentric types who are generally seen on TV urgently requiring an Alka-Seltzer. This may be the reason why every candy bar, every can of beer or other easily identifiable product is conscientiously wrapped in brown paper or covered with a phoney label. Zieff must have worried that any time one of the supporting cast picked up a prop, *Slither* might look like a commercial. ■ J.C.

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MILESTONES

Married. John A. Scali, 54, former newsmen and new U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations; and Denise St. Germain, 38, who once worked for the CIA in Paris and Rome, and most recently served as an assistant to TIME's Washington bureau chief; he for the second time, she for the first; in Washington.

Divorced. Gilbert ("Mr. 100,000 Volts") Beaud, 45, intense, high-energy French singer-composer (*What Now My Love, The Day the Rains Came, Let It Be Me*) and Monique ("Kiki") Nicolas Beaud, fortyish; after 20 years of marriage, three children; in Paris.

Died. Fourteen members of the U.S. Army's Golden Knights, the precision parachuting team that since 1959 has been performing at Army air shows across the U.S.; when their plane exploded and crashed while carrying the team to an exhibition; between Silver City and Silk Hope, N.C.

Died. Ron ("Pigpen") McKernan, 27, scruffy blues singer and harmonica player with the Grateful Dead, the San Francisco rock group whose loud, countrified rhythm-and-blues has been a staple of the West Coast counterculture since the mid-'60s; from as yet undetermined causes (he had recently been under treatment for liver disease); in Corte Madera, Calif.

Died. Robert L. Conly, 55, senior assistant editor of the *National Geographic* magazine, who under the pen name Robert C. O'Brien wrote a prize-winning children's book (*Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH*) and last year's top-rated cloak-and-dagger tale for adults, *A Report From Group 17*; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C.

Died. The Rev. Robert J. McCracken, 68, minister of Manhattan's interdenominational Riverside Church for 21 years; while on a world cruise; near Bangkok. A wry, Scots-born Baptist, McCracken succeeded the nationally famous radio preacher, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, at Riverside in 1946. In understated but eloquent sermons, he was an ardent advocate of both ecumenism and civil rights.

Died. Paul Kletzki, 72, Polish-born violinist and conductor, music director of the Dallas Symphony (1958-61) and Geneva's l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (1967-70); after collapsing while conducting a rehearsal of the Liverpool Philharmonic; in Liverpool, England.

Died. Pearl S. Buck, 80, whose compassionate novels about life in pre-Communist China (*The Good Earth, A House Divided*) earned her both the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes (see BOOKS).

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A Precious Fancy

"Broadway is rebuilt every time Stephen Sondheim writes a musical," says Producer Alexander Cohen. Such extravagant praise, from a man who has never backed a Sondheim show, is increasingly frequent these days. The reason is obvious. Sondheim has composed the three best Broadway musicals of the 1970s: *Company* (1970), *Follies* (1971) and now *A Little Night Music* (TIME, March 12).

The latest is Sondheim's most brilliant accomplishment to date. That includes the lyrics for such past hits as *West Side Story* (1957) and *Gypsy* (1959) and the music and lyrics for *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (1962). *Night Music*'s success rests on Sondheim's precious fancy, which allowed him to dare to compose the entire musical in $\frac{1}{2}$ time—or multiples thereof ($\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ are some of the other meters employed). For good measure, in both senses of the word, Sondheim has also thrown in such ancient techniques as canons, fuguetos and Greek chorus. What makes it all work, aside from Producer-Director Harold Prince's stagecraft, is Sondheim's uncanny ability to put a softly dimpled melody at the service of a sharp-chinned lyric. As when the middle-aged widower Fredrik Egerman ponders the seemingly insurmountable virginity of his young second wife:

Now, there are two ways
of broaching it:
A, the suggestive
And B, the direct.
Say that I settle on B, to wit,
A charmingly
Lecherous mood.

A, I could put on my nightshirt or
sit
Disarmingly,
B, in the nude.
That might be effective,
My body's all right,
But not in perspective
And not in the light...

The essence of a Sondheim song is its theatrical rightness for the evening's dramatic tone. In *Company*, he wrote 13 or 14 songs that dealt mostly with one-to-one relationships—thoroughly appropriate to the show's concern with marriage. In *Follies*, the songs did not move the play along so much as they suspended moments in time and savored them, following the practice of

tunesmiths in the era nostalgically evoked by the show: the 1920s and '30s. *Night Music* is devoted predominantly to what Sondheim calls the "inner monologue song," in which characters sing of their deepest thoughts, but almost never to each other.

Based on Ingmar Bergman's 1956 sex comedy *Smiles of a Summer Night*, imbued with a kind of mocha fantasy more typical of France's Jean Anouilh, *Night Music* is a masquerade affair, tailor-made to fit Sondheim's flair for depicting confused people experiencing ambivalent thoughts and feelings. Count Carl-Magnus Malcom flaunts



COMPOSER-LYRICIST SONDHEIM
No time for games.

his amours openly in front of his wife, but at the barest hint that she may be following suit, he sputters out:

She wouldn't...
Therefore they didn't...
So then it wasn't...
Not unless it...
Would she?

As for the Countess Charlotte, she is found later on sipping tea and discussing her husband's unfathomable hold on her:

I'm before him
On my knees
And he kisses me.
He assumes I'll lose my reason.
And I do.
Men are stupid, men are vain,
Love's disgusting, love's insane.
A humiliating business!

Couple such lyrics with Sondheim's comparatively rarefied musical sources

—Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Brahms (the music of the Greek chorus is inspired directly by Brahms' *Liebesslieder Waltzes*)—and you have a composer born to the musical stage. (Early training with Composer Milton Babbitt and an apprenticeship with Family Friend Oscar Hammerstein II helped, of course.) Opera turns him off, even those by the same Mozart who gave *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* to Sondheim and Prince their show title. "I know it's my loss, but Mozart's whole body of music doesn't get to me gutwise."

Sondheim does not consider himself a pop writer, and although he and Actor Tony Perkins have written the screenplay for a forthcoming Warner Bros. murder mystery (*The Last of Sheila*, starring James Mason and Raquel Welch), he has no desire to write music for films. There is no symphony or concerto kicking around in his brain, no great play or sonnet.

No Respite. Instead, at 42, Sondheim is totally caught up in the furious activity of composing musicals. "All I ever really wanted," he says, "was to make enough money from the theater to be able to write for the theater." Sondheim seems to work best at the edge of a precipice. For *Night Music* he was still writing songs at the eleventh hour, after the sets were already onstage and the staging set. Last week there was no respite. Lyric sheets had to be corrected for the forthcoming Columbia recording of *Night Music*. Rehearsal followed rehearsal for *A Tribute to Stephen Sondheim*, booked for the Shubert Theater at week's end with such stars as Angela Lansbury, Alexis Smith and Jack Cassidy.

These days dark circles ring Sondheim's eyes. A mere haircut will no longer salvage the graying mop atop, aside and below his daedal pate. The waist bulges. He lumbers like a benumbed bear shaking off a winter's sleep. "You ask about my life-style!" he cries aloud. "I'll tell you about my life-style. I have no life-style. Since 1969 I have done nothing but write, write, write. I mean, I haven't even had a game party in my house in three years."

There will be plenty of game parties in the days ahead. Games are Sondheim's greatest passion outside the theater. His bachelor town house in Manhattan bulges with them the way other well-appointed homes do with paintings and sculpture—game boards by the dozen, penny-arcade jackpot games, a slot machine, Skittle-Pool table, mammoth chess set peopled by bitches, idiots and 1984-style proles. When friends like Leonard Bernstein (composer to Sondheim's lyrics in *West Side Story*), Perkins or Actress Phyllis Newman come to call, it is usually for what Sondheim calls "cutthroat anagrams." Says Sondheim: "You don't take turns. You just turn up letters, and the first person to see a word yells it out. Lennie Bernstein is a terrific anagram player. All during the work on



How many trips will you make this year?
Alone.

How often will you go back to your hotel
at five? Alone.

How often will you have a late dinner?
Alone.

How many times will you call home? To
talk to your wife. And to see how the
kids are.

How long ago did you tell the family:

"We're all going to go—someday."?
To New York, to Hawaii, to Disneyland
or to see the folks.

Do you know what? You're not alone.
Thousands of businessmen have the
same dream.

"Someday on a 747."

"Someday we'll all sit together and watch
the movies on the plane."

"Someday we'll all have steak and lobster

and laugh at 'coffee, tea or milk'."

"Someday..."

Is this year your family's someday? After
all, next year is a lot of lonely flights away.

BOEING 747

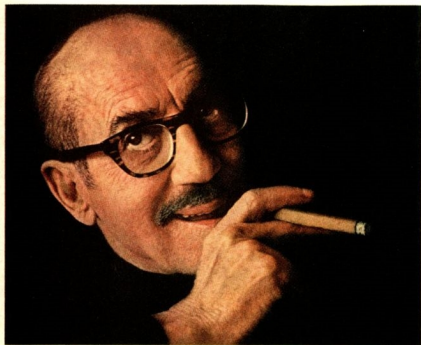


Getting people together.

Man was not meant to fly alone.

Whenever I think of Scotch, I recall the immortal words of my brother Harpo.

BY GROUCHO MARX.



HARPO WAS a man of very few words, except when it came to scotch, horses and ladies.

Actually, scotch ran a poor third. Which wasn't easy considering the way his horses ran.

And the way his horses ran could be summed up in a word.

Last.

He once had a horse who finished ahead of the winner of the 1942 Kentucky Derby.

Unfortunately, the horse started running in the 1941 Derby.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. What was it again? Oh, yeah, scotch.

When it came to scotch, Harpo's words were memorable.

Unfortunately, I forget them.

I remember the thought behind them, however.

The thought was that Harpo appreciated good scotch. Especially one kind of scotch. I know this because one morning I found my liquor cabinet broken into. All the scotch was opened and apparently samples were taken of each bottle. Except in the case of Teacher's Scotch where the case was taken.

I immediately put on my Sherlock Holmes hat and replaced my cigar with a pipe.

The night before I had heard a honking sound in my living room. At first I thought it was a car looking for a parking space in my apartment. (That used to happen a lot until I had parking meters installed.) Little did I know, however, that it was my brother committing one of the most unbrotherly acts since the Andrews Sisters.

So I threw a mackinaw over my Dr. Denton's and dashed off to Harpo's. I must have cut quite a dashing figure.

When I arrived at Harpo's house, there, big as life, were my bottles of Teacher's.

"Why, Harpo?" I asked, lighting my cigar and putting it out on the rug, the one on the floor.

Harpo answered with a honk that was worth a thousand words.

I understood them immediately.

What it boiled down to was that Teacher's tasted better to him than any of the other scotches I had.

I agreed, it also tasted better to me. That's probably why we're brothers.

After all, scotch is thicker than water.

And, on the subject of brothers, Harpo said he knew enough about scotch to know that Teacher's wasn't one of those scotches everybody and his brother drinks.

I told him he was doing his best to change that.

Then I said, "That's all very interesting, Harpo, but now it's time to play 'You Bet Your Life.' And give me a finger of my own scotch while you're at it."

To show me how generous he was he poured some scotch into a glass and put his whole hand into it. I'd had scotch and water, scotch and soda, but never scotch and hand. But then, Harpo's an old hand at serving scotch. At the risk of beating a hand to death, let me continue. Where was I...

At this point I told Harpo I didn't want to hear any more horns.

He honked.

I said, "Say it with strings."

So he grabbed his harp and proceeded to play me to sleep. I snored in accompaniment.

It was while I was sleeping that he uttered those now immortal words. You know the words I mean. At least I hope you do. Cause you couldn't expect me to remember the words somebody said to me while I was sleeping.

But, after all, why harp on that.



SHOW BUSINESS & TV

West Side Story, we would blow up our tensions at the anagram table."

Since Sondheim is obviously a happily possessed man, what might the letters of his name spell out in such a game? *Voilà!* "His demon."

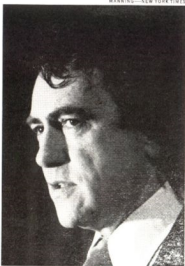
Papp, Sweet and Sour

For Theatrical Impresario Joseph Papp, last week was like a good-news, bad-news joke. On one hand, he broadened his institutional base enough to make him the most powerful man in the American theater. On the other hand, one of his fondest dreams—to bring good drama to millions of people on nationwide TV—was given a stunning blow.

Papp's good news came from Manhattan's Lincoln Center, where he was given control of all drama production. Potentially the most prestigious and influential dramatic organization in the U.S., Lincoln Center's theater company has floundered almost since its beginning eight years ago. Far from being an American equivalent of Britain's National Theater, a goal that many had held for it, Lincoln Center only rarely came up with productions that were as good as the best of Broadway. In recent years, the financial situation had become as desperate as the aesthetic.

Papp's takeover is contingent upon the raising of \$5,000,000 to offset part of the theater's expected deficits in the next five years. If that barrier is successfully passed, Papp will bring in his own company. He plans to turn the 299-seat Forum Theater into a permanent platform for Shakespeare and switch the larger, 1,140-seat Vivian Beaumont from its present repertoire of classics and revivals to new plays that "reflect the great issues of our times."

As for the bad news, the second of a series of dramas that Papp was producing for CBS, *Sticks and Bones*, was



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SE75

yanked off the network schedule three days before air time. The winner of last year's Tony Award, David Rabe's play is a bitter but brilliant satire of conventional American attitudes toward the war in Viet Nam. It was too harsh for many of CBS's affiliate stations, which screened it in a closed-circuit transmission from the network. Although pre-reviews had already appeared in the national press (TIME, March 12), a total of 71 of the 184 stations that normally carry CBS's programming during the time-slot assigned to *Sticks and Bones*—including those in Detroit, Minneapolis and Denver—notified CBS headquarters in Manhattan that they would not air the play. Network President Robert Wood then announced that the program was being canceled on the grounds that it "might be unnecessarily abrasive to the feelings of millions of Americans whose lives or attention are at the moment emotionally dominated by the returning P.O.W.s and other veterans who have suffered the ravages of war." The play might be broadcast at a later date, he added, "when its possible application to actual events [will be] less immediate."

Cowardice. Papp condemned the network's decision as "a cowardly act, a dastardly thing. It is frightening that this monster corporation has decided to put its tail between its legs and back away from this program because some affiliates find it too strong stuff." Papp argued that CBS should have aired the play even if it was carried only by the stations it owns in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and St. Louis. The American Civil Liberties Union joined him in the attack, accusing the network of "corporate cowardice" that betrayed both the artists producing the show and the public, which has a right to see it.

In fact, many of the CBS affiliates would have run the play. "We didn't see any reason not to," says Paul Raymon, general manager of Atlanta's WAGA-TV. Some of those who refused to run it said that they would carry it when the excitement surrounding the returning veterans has subsided. "It was the timing of the thing," explains Charles Crutchfield, president of WBTV in Charlotte, N.C. Ironically, it was CBS—and not Papp—who originally wanted the play to run last week, to qualify it for this year's Emmy awards.

One imponderable remained at week's end: the question of how much some affiliates' resistance may have been stiffened by the Nixon Administration's concerted attack on the programming power that is concentrated in the networks' eastern headquarters. The White House made no comment on the *Sticks and Bones* affair, and several other influences were certainly involved; yet, however indirectly, the Administration's campaign to drive a wedge between local affiliates and the networks may have made an impact last week.

In the Cards

"I am sorry," Samuel Johnson once rumbled, "I have not learned to play at cards. It is very useful in life; it generates kindness, and consolidates society." Presumably he was thinking of picquet or bezique, rather than an all-night killer session at seven-card stud, but Johnson's point has been true for centuries. Yet no player today could guess, from his impersonal deck with its stiff, bright kings, queens and jacks, mass-produced and slippery for fast dealing, how complicated the ancestry of the modern playing card was—of how various and fine in craftsmanship. Discovering this is one of the pleasures of the Yale University Library's current show in New Haven, *The Art of the Playing Card*—a selection from more than 3,000 packs, uncut sheets and card printers' woodblocks acquired by the late Melbert and Mary Cary, and willed to Yale in 1967.

Like socks, cards wear out; if one is lost, a pack becomes useless; the mortality rate is high. That, in essence, is why so little is known about the early history of the playing card. Ancient specimens survive by accident. How cards were first introduced into Europe is not known. They may have been brought from China, where they had been used for gaming and fortunetelling since at least the 10th century. They may have migrated from the Middle East with returning Crusaders.

The division of the deck into four suits probably had origins in divination, as a reference to the four quarters of the world. But the four-suit deck is largely a Western convention: there are round Hindu cards with ten suits representing the ten incarnations of Vishnu, and some Persian decks had five—dancer, queen, soldier, king and lion (see *opposite page*, top left). In the classical fortuneteller's deck, the tarot, the suits were four: cups, swords, coins and batons. Each suit had 14 cards, with four court cards that included a knight. To this pack of 56 were added a further 22 divinatory images—the Tower, the Hanged Man, the Fool (who is the ancestor of the modern Joker) and so on. And from that basic deck evolved the standard 52-card French pattern of hearts, diamonds, spades and clubs that has been used, with variants, ever since the early 15th century.

However the deck was codified, the materials and designs were not. Sheet silver cards appeared in Augsburg at the

turn of the 17th century, made for Orthodox Jews whose religious laws forbade them to touch pasteboard decks at Passover. Silk and cotton or plaited straw were inlaid into the cards to reproduce gay theatrical costumes in their original fabric, like the 17th century Pulcinello opposite. The superb *minchiata* (or tarot) cards done in the 15th century by Bonifacio Bembo for Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, are so elaborate in their detailed painting, embossment and gilding that they could seldom, if ever, have been used.

With the spread of printing came the card's democratization. Even the



WASHINGTON AS KING OF HEARTS, CIRCA 1820

trade of cardmaking became a separate and honorable one; the pastiche costume for a *cartier* (*opposite, lower right*), armored in shingles of pasteboard and bearing his immense shears like a lance, reflects the new status of these jobbing printers. Cards were so much in demand that they became a useful way of disseminating ideas, skills and images that had nothing to do with gambling. By the 19th century, nearly any kind of information could turn up on the back: from portraits of George Washington to allegories of the Fall of the Bastille, from series of Famous Frauds to an adoration of John Cage—in the form of a set of Vienne cards engraved with musical phrases which could be shuffled to produce random scores. Such material slowed the play; but how consoling to learn about how to carve game or serve a fish, from diagrams, while losing a rub, or your shirt.



Lion card, Persian, 19th century



Club card from brocade pack, German, 17th century

Knight of cups, Visconti, Italian, 15th century



Fantasy costume for card maker, French, circa 1680





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Subpoenas (Contd.)

Will there be a federal "shield" statute to protect the confidentiality of newsmen's sources? If so, how strong a measure will be enacted? There was still no firm consensus in Congress last week despite the protracted debate. However, Representative Robert Kastenmeier, chairman of a House Judiciary Subcommittee holding hearings on the dispute, made a cautious prediction: "The odds favor our coming out with some kind of recommended legislation." In the House generally, he said, "proshield forces are definitely stronger than antishield forces at this time."

Kastenmeier meanwhile was getting varied opinions from journalists. Investigative reporters would be the prime beneficiaries of a shield law, but Clark Mollenhoff of the Des Moines Register, who has won a Pulitzer Prize for his investigative work, testified that journalists should fight subpoenas on an individual basis, relying on the Constitution for their defense. A law giving absolute protection, he said, could impede law-enforcement agencies and would give newsmen privileges "beyond anything enjoyed today by anyone except absolute monarchs." Anyone could get protection, Mollenhoff added, by claiming to be gathering information for a publication. (Actually, many of the bills that have been introduced attempt to clarify this question by limiting privilege to those "regularly employed" in newsgathering.)

Mollenhoff is in a tiny minority within the trade. Stanford Smith, president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and A.M. Rosenthal, managing editor of the New York Times, were among those arguing for absolute protection of confidential sources and unpublished material. "I say flatly," Rosenthal contended, "that without the guarantee of confidentiality, investigative reporting will disappear. The erosion of confidentiality will mean the end of the exposure of corruption as far as the press is concerned."

Last week Time Inc. proposed a strong federal statute that would apply to state cases as well. However, the company did not urge absolute immunity in all circumstances.

The statement, issued by Editorial Director Ralph Graves, pointed out that Time Inc. would prefer to rely on constitutional defenses of newsmen's privilege. But the refusal of the Supreme Court last June to protect newsmen and the frequent issuance of subpoenas has

made the company conclude "reluctantly" that "the First Amendment now needs legislative support."

Specifically, Time Inc. proposed that the law cover both the issuance of subpoenas and conditions under which confidential information would be disclosed: "A subpoena for a reporter's testimony and material should not be issued unless it is established at a prior court hearing that the reporter has relevant information that cannot be obtained from any other source, and that the information is so important that lack of it might result in a miscarriage of justice."

Even if a subpoena is then approved, "a reporter should not be compelled to disclose confidential sources unless it can be demonstrated that there is imminent danger of loss of life if he



"What do you need a shield law for?"

does not disclose such information, or that he has essential information on a violent crime such as murder, kidnapping or skyjacking. Another criterion, which the Congress will no doubt consider, is overriding danger to the national security, though this concept is easily abused and extremely difficult to define."

Essential as legislative protection has become to assure unfettered newsgathering, it is crucial that the law be clear and comprehensive. Said Time Inc.: "A complex, heavily circumscribed shield law, leaving the question of privilege open to a wide variety of judicial interpretations, would be worse than nothing and might well invite a new wave of exploratory subpoenas." The statement also stressed the broad issue in the current debate: "The freedom of the press guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution does not belong to journalists; it belongs to the public. It exists only so the public can have the opportunity to know what the press is able to report."

Making of a Nonperson

At the wedding three years ago of Journalist Peter Niesewand and Nonie Fogarty in Salisbury, Rhodesia, one of the guests quipped to the bride: "If he doesn't look after you, my dear, I'll have him restricted." The jocular threat came from Desmond Lardner-Burke, Minister of Justice, Law and Order. Niesewand has looked after his wife well enough, but for the past month he has been in jail under an order signed by Lardner-Burke. The vague grounds: the freelance reporter was "likely to commit acts prejudicial to public safety or public order." Free translation: the white-supremacist government of Ian Smith did not like what Niesewand had been writing, and has the dictatorial powers to squelch him.

The early-morning arrest and the incarceration at Gwelo jail hardly came as a surprise. Niesewand, 28, was one of the few enterprising and influential newsmen still reporting regularly from Rhodesia. He ran a bureau representing the BBC, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, United Press International, Agence France-Presse and a number of London and South African newspapers. It was Niesewand who broke the story in 1971 of the arrest of former Prime Minister Garfield Todd, who was also considered a threat to public order. Niesewand published exclusives on government action against the African National Council, a black political group opposed to white rule.

Grinding Pressure. His phone has been tapped, his office and home searched by police, his official sources restricted by Information Minister P.K. van der Byl. In a letter to a friend before the arrest, Niesewand said: "The worst part is the grinding social pressure—not knowing whether one or both of us will be attacked for being Commie rats. As one lady put it at a recent dinner party, why don't I pull myself out of the slime in which I wallow?"

Van der Byl, one of the most extreme members of the government, obviously intends to eliminate all journalistic criticism. Several other newsmen have been expelled, prevented from re-entering the country or otherwise silenced. Late last week, in a proceeding closed to the public, Niesewand was charged with violating the Official Secrets Act. That could result in a jail term of up to five years. Because he is South African by birth, he could be deprived of Rhodesian citizenship and deported.

Meanwhile, he languishes in modified solitary confinement. His wife, pregnant with their second child, drives 340 miles each day to see him for one hour. Says Nonie: "He's bearing up well under the circumstances, but for a man as active as Peter, the routine is boring him to death." Back in the capital, he has already become a nonperson. Local newspapers and the government broadcasting system are forbidden to discuss his case or even mention his name.



DR. ROBERT GOOD SILHOUETTED AGAINST CELL SLIDE

MEDICINE

COVER STORY

Toward Cancer Control

WHEN Mrs. Mary Brown, a plump, cheerful housewife from Dallas, had her first bout with breast cancer seven years ago, her doctors knew exactly what to do. Following the accepted procedure, they performed a radical mastectomy, removing the affected breast, the underlying muscle tissue and the nearby lymph nodes. Then they subjected her to intensive radiotherapy, hoping that the X-ray bombardment would kill any residual cancer cells. But when cancer recurred at the operation site two years ago, and raised reddish, golf-ball-sized lumps on the flat area where her left breast had been, the doctors were stymied. Surgery was out of the question; the lumps were evidence that the cancer had spread too far. So was X-ray treatment. Mrs. Brown (not her real name) had already had so much exposure to X rays that any more could do serious damage to her healthy tissues. Thus, when even anti-cancer drugs failed to halt the spread of the disease, Mrs. Brown turned in desperation to a new and still experimental treatment.

The treatment, called immunotherapy, uses a biochemical strategy designed to trick the body's own natural defenses into fighting cancer. In Mrs. Brown's case, doctors deliberately ex-

posed her to attenuated tuberculosis bacilli, figuring that if they could make her body resist them, it might resist the cancer as well. The strategy worked. Shortly after treatment began, her lesions began to shrink and disappear. Today Mrs. Brown has only a few lumps on her chest. None of her doctors will say that she is cured, but all agree that without immunotherapy she probably would not be alive today.

Mrs. Brown's treatment is one of the most dramatic applications of the rapidly expanding science of self-immunology—the study of the body's natural defenses against disease. That science is one of the most promising weapons yet developed by doctors in their long fight against cancer, which this year alone will afflict an estimated 650,000 Americans and kill more than 350,000. The older techniques—surgery, radiation and chemotherapy (drug treatments)—have been used successfully in bringing some cancers under control. But surgery usually results in unsightly and handicapping mutilation, radiation can destroy healthy as well as cancerous tissue, and chemotherapy produces unpleasant and dangerous side effects. Immunotherapy, which so far seems to have none of these disad-

vantages, could thus prove to be the ideal approach.

Whether immunology fulfills this promise and becomes a major part of medicine's approach to cancer depends in large part on a hard-driving, affable egotist named Robert Alan Good. A lanky (6 ft. 2 in.), generally rumped man with an insatiable curiosity and an almost uncanny ability to assimilate any information that passes his way, Good, 50, is both a pediatrician and a Ph.D. in anatomy. He believes that immunology holds the key not only to controlling cancer but to preventing and curing many of man's other ills.

Good is the foremost student, practitioner and advocate of immunology in the U.S. today. His own research, most of it carried out at the University of Minnesota, has been responsible for much of medicine's current knowledge about how the immune system functions. His writings have helped spread the word about the new science; he is co-author or editor of at least a dozen books on the subject, including two that are considered standard texts, and well over 1,000 articles. His clinical work has led to the development of techniques that successfully overcome malfunctions of the immune system.

Good recently moved from Minnesota to New York to become director of the largest privately operated cancer-research operation in the country. As the new president and director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research and director of research at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, he will continue his work in immunology, aiming toward understanding and controlling cancer. Those who are familiar with his ingenuity and energy predict that he will ultimately achieve his goal.

Fifth Column. Good's achievements in immunology rest on a broad foundation of work by other scientists dating back to 1796, when the British Physician Edward Jenner inoculated an eight-year-old boy with fluid from a cowpox pustule in a successful attempt to give him resistance against the more virulent smallpox. Jenner knew nothing about the immune system, but he had recognized that milkmaids who frequently came in contact with cows suffering from cowpox seldom contracted smallpox. Scientists began to suspect that the body had a mechanism for identifying and combatting disease agents only after Louis Pasteur discovered the existence of bacteria and in the 1850s propounded the germ theory of disease.

That mechanism was still a mystery in 1891, when Dr. William Coley, an American surgeon, first observed the beneficial effects of certain infections on patients with cancer. Coley began injecting patients with mixed bacterial toxins to induce responses that might alter the course of the malignancy, and without fully understanding what he was doing, succeeded. In 1893, he injected his toxin into a 16-year-old boy

with inoperable cancer and was rewarded with a demonstrable success: the tumor shrank and, over a period of a few months, disappeared. He treated some 250 other patients who also improved and survived for another five to 72 years. But despite the results, Coley's work, which was far ahead of its time, generally went unrecognized.

Outlaws. But immunology was gradually becoming a science. The existence of antibodies—agents produced by the body in response to the challenge of disease-causing organisms—was discovered at the end of the 19th century. In the 1940s, doctors finally recognized that a badly functioning immune system, or the absence of one, can leave the body virtually defenseless against infection from without. But it was not until the early 1950s that Sir Frank MacFarlane Burnet, an Australian, theorized that the way the body manages to cope with the enormous range of disease organisms is through its ability to recognize itself and to reject everything that is non-self (see box page 67).

A few years later, Burnet and Dr. Lewis Thomas, who has just been appointed president of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, suggested a relationship between the immune system and cancerous growth. They postulated that in addition to protecting the body from invaders, the immune system has the duty to police cell growth and prevent the survival and replication of abnormal or "outlaw" cells.

As Burnet and Thomas saw it, the body, in which cells are continually replicating themselves, produces anywhere from tens to hundreds of abnormal, genetically different and potentially cancerous cells each day. Ordinarily, the immune system recognizes these biological fifth-columnists as "foreign" because they are genetically different; it destroys them before they begin dividing and reproducing. But when the defense mechanism is weakened, for whatever reason, it fails to do away with the errant cells, either because it cannot recognize them or because it is incapable of attacking them. That gives the outlaw cells (which are apparently not under the same genetic restraints as normal cells) the opportunity to run wild. They reproduce themselves at an extremely rapid rate, invade normal tissues, and, if not destroyed, cut out or arrested, eventually kill.

Some of the evidence that cancer thrives when the immune system is defective is purely circumstantial. For example, the disease strikes hardest at the aged or very young, the two groups whose immune systems tend to be weakest. Cancer on rare occasions has also been known to undergo spontaneous remission, an indication that some mechanism has acted to inhibit its growth.

But much of the evidence is more scientific. Good and his co-workers have observed a high correlation between cancer and the so-called

immunodeficiency diseases, which leave their victims unable to resist infection. They speculate that eventually it will be found that all cancer patients suffer from some impairment of their ability to resist disease. "In order for cancer to occur and persist, there must be a failure of the immunological process," says Good. "We've never found a cancer patient in whom something wasn't screwed up immunologically."

Other research tends to support Good's theory. A study conducted at the University of California at Los Angeles showed that only one out of three patients about to undergo surgery for cancer was able to respond to a skin test used to determine if normal immune reactions occur. Kidney-transplant patients, whose immune systems are suppressed by drugs to prevent rejection of the new organ, are more susceptible to certain malignancies than others in the same age groups.

The American College of Surgeons/National Institutes of Health's organ-transplant registry studied more than 8,000 transplant patients and found 77 cases of cancer, 17 of which were a bone-marrow malignancy called reticulum cell sarcoma. Significantly, that disease occurs about 100 times more frequently in transplant patients than it does in members of the general population, according to a report by doctors at the Medical College of Virginia of the Virginia Commonwealth University.

Why these immunological problems occur has long been a mystery. But lately researchers have been finding some clues that could lead to its solution. Doctors at Sloan-Kettering Institute have

discovered that some cancer cells fail to produce antigens, or markers identifying them as foreign, and thus avoid the body's recognition mechanism. There is also speculation that larger cancers shed so many antigens that they simply overwhelm the immune system.

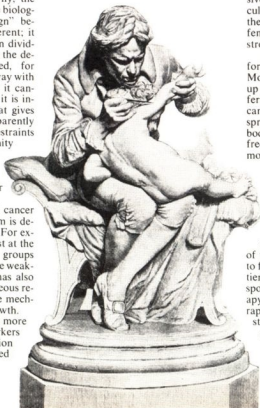
Drs. Karl and Ingegerd Hellstrom, Sweden's husband and wife team now working at the University of Washington in Seattle, have found that in some cancer patients there are complexes known as "blocking factor" that prevent the immune system from attacking cancers. They have also discovered "unblocking factor" as well, raising hope that some method may be developed to free those immune systems inhibited by blocking agents.

Other doctors, meanwhile, have borrowed a leaf from Coley's book and have been trying, with some success, to awaken sleeping immune systems to combat cancer. The techniques of this approach vary widely. Some doctors still use Coley's bacterial-toxin formula; others inject vaccine made from killed mumps virus and diphtheria bacteria. Many, however, prefer a live-bacteria tuberculosis vaccine called BCG (for *Bacillus Calmette-Guérin*, after the Frenchmen who developed it).

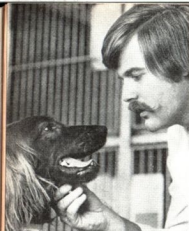
Memory Jogger. BCG is not an anti-cancer drug as such. But it does appear to be a powerful immunopotentiator, or tool for turning on the immune system. When injected into patients with either natural or acquired immunity to tuberculosis, it jogs their immunological "memory" of the disease and produces a generalized immune response. Injected directly into cancer lesions, it can cause a responsive immune system to send anti-tuberculosis antibodies to the scene to fight the invaders. In some patients, this defense against bacterial attackers destroys cancer cells as well.

Several doctors are now using BCG for cancer immunotherapy. Dr. Donald Morton of UCLA has used BCG to hype up the immune systems of patients suffering from malignant melanoma, a cancer that first appears on the skin and spreads rapidly to other parts of the body; some of his patients have been free of the disease for two years or more.

Dr. Georges Mathé, a leading cancer researcher at the Paul Brousse Hospital at Villejuif, near Paris, has been using BCG since 1964. He administers it as part of a double-barreled approach to treating patients with acute lymphoid leukemia, a cancer of the blood-forming tissues that tends to further depress and obliterate the patient's already weakened immune responses. Mathé begins with chemotherapy, using cell-destroying drugs that kill rapidly proliferating cells (and thus destroy cancer cells more quickly than normal ones) to reduce the size of cancers from billions of cells to 100,000 or so. Then he uses



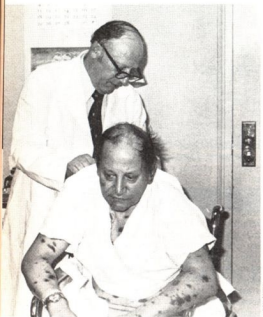
JENNER INOCULATING HIS SON



HARDY WITH TEST SUBJECT



INGEGERD & KARL HELLSTROM IN LABORATORY



KLEIN EXAMINING CANCER PATIENT
Establishing an equilibrium.

immunotherapy in an effort to make the body root out the residual cancer.

Dr. Edmund Klein of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo has used BCG to stimulate an immune reaction against malignant melanoma, mycosis fungoides and other cancers that originate on the skin, as well as against such deep-seated tumors as breast cancer. He has also experimented with vaccines made from tumors similar to those of the patient, injecting the substance into cancer victims in the hope of triggering not a general immune reaction but one that is specifically directed against the cancer. Of those patients who responded immunologically, most showed marked improvement.

Dr. Virginia Caspe Livingston of the University of San Diego has also used such vaccines in patients with breast cancer and cancer of the thymus, and has achieved remissions. Dr. Loren Humphrey, chairman of the department of surgery at the University of Kansas School of Medicine, has eval-

uated 96 patients who have received injections of cells from people with tumors similar to their own; more than 20 have had partial remissions and three now appear completely free of disease.

Results like these have led some researchers to regard immunotherapy as one of the most encouraging developments in decades, and an important tool for the physician. "Immunotherapy used to be a dirty word in cancer," says Klein. "No one thought it worked. Now it has become respectable."

Overkill. But it still has a long way to go. Doctors are not yet sure whether the commonly used methods, which rely primarily on nonspecific immune stimulation to produce selective tumor destruction, represent a form of immunological overkill. Says Klein: "It's sort of like alerting the whole damned U.S. Navy to keep one foreign destroyer from entering one harbor. It's effective, but it may be unnecessary." Furthermore, doctors cannot make immunotherapy work for all patients. They have no sure way of knowing who will respond until they begin treatment.

Even when such problems are solved, no one sees immunotherapy as completely supplanting other, more traditional methods of treatment. The technique seems to work best against small, localized cancers; surgery, radiotherapy and chemotherapy are still the preferred methods for dealing with large or widespread malignancies. But even when these methods are used, immunotherapy may still be necessary to cope with residual cancers. Says Dr. Lloyd Old, vice president and associate director of Sloan-Kettering Institute: "What we can do well right now is eliminate massive amounts of cells. But getting rid of 90% of a cancer, even 99%, isn't enough; if there's one cell left, it can produce millions more cells. Immunotherapy offers a way of getting at these residual cancers and preventing them from spreading."

Despite the heady progress, few researchers think in terms of "curing" cancer, particularly in light of the widely held view that the body is constantly producing abnormal cells. "Let's think of control of cancer rather than cure," says Old. "Cancer is not a killing dis-

ease; what kills is progressive cancer. What we're trying to do is not eliminate cancer but establish an equilibrium between cancer and its host."

That, in essence, is what Good is uniquely qualified to do. He first became interested in medicine at the age of five when his father, a Minneapolis high school principal, developed what proved to be a fatal cancer. "I was very impressed with the doctor who came to take care of him," says Good. "I never wanted to be anything but a doctor after that."

The path to a degree in medicine proved arduous. The second of four sons in a fatherless family, Robert Good had to earn his own way through the Depression by raking leaves, shoveling snow and running a newspaper route. Impressed by Good's ambition and industry, a Minneapolis businessman helped pay his way through medical school at the University of Minnesota.

While a student, he was stricken with a paralytic disease (doctors diagnosed it as poliomyelitis but Good thinks it was Guillain-Barré syndrome, which generally produces a less permanent form of paralysis); whatever it was, it left him partially paralyzed. Dropped from the class roster by professors who felt he would be unable to keep up his grades, he was restored only after he promised to withdraw voluntarily if his grades dropped below A. They never did. Through exercise, Good rehabilitated himself to the point where he has only a slight limp to show for his illness. He generally wears ankle-high sneakers, which he finds more comfortable than shoes around the lab. His preference for another Good sartorial trademark—a turtle-neck sweater instead of a shirt and tie—is purely personal. Says he: "I've never been convinced that a necktie has any real function except to get in the way."

Toughness. Good's interest in immunology dates from a chance discovery during medical school. Lacking enough fresh, uninfected rabbits for some research he was conducting, he used some animals he had infected with herpes viruses in an earlier experiment. His experiment, designed to elicit an allergic reaction, instead depressed the animals' immune systems, which had kept the viruses under control. As a result, the viruses became active and the rabbits developed encephalitis. The results so intrigued Good that he combined studies in biology with his medical education and received his Ph.D. and M.D. degrees together in 1947.

Convinced that good research starts at the bedside rather than in the laboratory, Good opted for pediatrics because it would give him an opportunity to study immune system defects, which are most often found in children (victims usually die of disease well before adulthood). "Besides," says Good, who admits that he has been tempered by his own battle with disease, "I like kids. They're tough."

So is Good, who combines painstaking laboratory work with gutsy speculations, or "probes," much in the manner of a medical Marshall McLuhan. On one occasion, while treating a patient whose inability to resist infection coincided with the growth of a massive thymic tumor, Good began to speculate about the link between the thymus and agammaglobulinemia, a disease caused

by a deficiency or lack of the major antibodies. He—together with others in his laboratories—conducted a series of experiments in which he removed the thymus from newborn rabbits. The results of the test—all of the animals failed to develop normal immune systems—led to recognition of the thymus' role in the development of immunity.

Another example of Good's intu-

itive flashes occurred while he was working with Dr. Henry Kunkel at New York's Rockefeller University in 1950. Good observed that patients with different types of tumors suffered from different types of infections. Those with Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymphoid system, were particularly susceptible to TB, fungus and viral infections; those with multiple myelomas, or can-

Defending Against Disease

Man lives in a sea of microorganisms; the immune system is his license to survive.

ROBERT GOOD's metaphor may be mixed, but it is apt. As a swimmer in an ocean of organisms, man must have a means of identifying and resisting the ones that can harm or kill him. The major mechanism that does this, and enables man to survive, is the immune system, designed by nature to quickly recognize, attack and destroy any foreign matter that enters the body. The system is complex and depends for its function on a wide variety of highly specialized substances. Its main agents are cells called lymphocytes, which are produced by the so-called "stem cells" of the bone marrow, the mushy, reddish substance that manufactures blood components. Once formed, the lymphocytes develop into two distinct types of cells, each of which plays an important role in the immune response. Those that pass through the thymus—a small organ located just under the breastbone in children (it shrinks and virtually disappears by puberty)—become T-cells, the main agents of what immunologists call "cell-mediated immunity." They are responsible for maintaining the body's biological uniqueness by rejecting foreign matter, including transplanted tissue and organs.

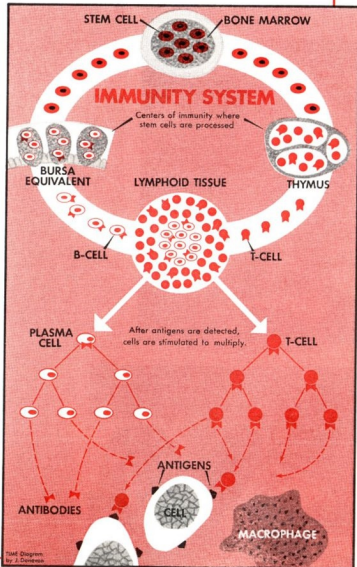
The other type of lymphocyte, the B-cell, undergoes differentiation, in chickens, at least, in an organ called the bursa of Fabricius. (Where that transformation takes place in man has not yet been positively determined, but it can be assumed that the human body contains an equivalent of the bursa.) B-cells are called the agents of humoral immunity because they synthesize antibodies that circulate freely in the blood. The antibodies, actually globular proteins, help the body resist disease-causing organisms. Both the B-cells and T-cells reside primarily in the body's lymphoid tissues, which are found under the arms, in the groin, behind the ear, in the abdominal cavity and other locations. From these tissues, the cells recirculate through the body and continually monitor for the presence of potential attackers.

When a foreign organism enters the body, the lymphocytes work like an internal anti-ballistic-missile system. Coming in contact with the invader, they recognize it by means of its biochemical flag, or identification marker. Every cell and microorganism is believed to carry at least one such flag on its surface; it fits, like a key in a lock, into a site on the lymphocytes. Thus lymphocytes, which know their body's own cells, recognize others as foreign and trigger an immunological alarm.

When the alarm is sounded, the immune system swings into action, sometimes dispatching both T- and B-cells, sometimes just one variety. T-cells multiply and attack; the foreigners are soon surrounded and isolated by rings of angry lymphocytes that cause inflammation and chemically destroy the invaders. The T-cells may also call up macrophages, large scavenger cells that literally devour and digest foreign cells.

B-cells, meanwhile, are stimulated to produce antibodies, which immunologists believe can be tailor-made to interact with each of the millions of different organisms a human may encounter in his lifetime. The antibodies lock onto foreign substances, making them far more susceptible to ingestion by macrophages and other scavenger cells.

Once an antibody has locked onto an invading cell, it can interact with a series of blood proteins called "complement," which aids in destroying the invader and makes it even more attractive to scavenger cells. By one or a combination of these actions, the intruder is broken down into chemical components that are recycled by the body or excreted as waste.



MEDICINE

cers of the bone marrow, were vulnerable to such bacterial infections as streptococcus and pneumococcus. Subsequent observation and experiments at the University of Minnesota convinced Good that there were not one but two basic immune responses. One, controlled by the thymus, was responsible for delayed hypersensitivity, or certain types of allergic responses, and the rejection of foreign tissue. The other, involving blood-borne antibodies, helped the body to battle bacterial invaders.

Presented by Good and his group in the mid-'60s, the "two component" theory became the foundation of modern immunology, and led to new experiments and ways to understand the phenomenon of immune response. It also led to another of Good's contributions—the first successful use of bone-marrow transplants to correct immunodeficiency disease.

Doctors had experimented with bone-marrow transplants in the mid-'50s, primarily to combat leukemia. But their efforts proved generally unsuccessful. Immunologically sound bone mar-

row contained cells that recognized the recipient of this gift as "foreign." The new cells, in a phenomenon known as "graft v. host" reaction, thus rejected the host, producing lymphocytes capable of reacting with and destroying his tissue. In fact, the reaction, combined with infection and other factors, could prove fatal to the recipient whose immune system was either weak or absent.

Legacy. Good tried a different approach with five-month-old David Camp, who was suffering from hereditary immunodeficiency disease, which had already killed twelve infants on the maternal side of his family. Thinking back to work that he himself had done in 1956, Good remembered that mice given bone marrow from donors whose cells were genetically similar suffered from graft-v.-host reaction but never died from it. He reasoned that David, too, would survive if a good tissue match could be found.

Luckily, the infant had four sisters; one of them had cells similar to his. Using a local anesthetic, Good's team inserted a needle into the bone of the sister's leg and withdrew about a billion marrow cells. Then, they injected the cells into David's peritoneal cavity, relying on the cells' natural homing instincts to guide them to the bone marrow. The graft took. Graft-v.-host reaction set in, peaked and finally passed. The new cells overcame David's lethal legacy by giving him the immune system he lacked; the child, now five, is immunologically normal.

Good's accomplishments have made him a folk hero at home in Minnesota. He hopes to be equally productive at the Sloan-Kettering Institute, where he has already made administrative changes and, as one associate puts it, is "stirring up the reservation." He is also expanding the scope of research at S.K.I., and has taken over an entire floor that he plans to staff with the best immunology researchers he can find at the institute or woo away from other hospitals and universities. The lab, he says, will study just about everything immunological—the immunodeficiency diseases that he calls "spontaneous experiments of nature"; allergies; and the relationship between aging and cancer.

Good's most ambitious undertaking, however, will be a study that could make cancer immunotherapy a more exact science. At present, attempts to administer and evaluate the relatively new form of treatment are hampered by medicine's lack of knowledge about the full nature and range of immune response. "What we need," says Good, "is a workable system by which we can determine what is normal immunologically, a yardstick by which we can measure and evaluate immune re-

sponse." To arrive at that system, Good plans to run tests on every patient, employee and staff physician at S.K.I. and Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, recording the various blood components, allergic reactions and response to common disease agents.

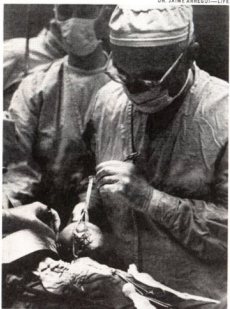
The result of such a study, involving thousands of people, says Good, will be a complete profile of the immune response, and a set of guidelines for those attempting to manipulate it to fight disease. "We know we've got a hell of a weapon in immunotherapy," says Good. "This study will help us write the instruction manual so that we can use this weapon effectively."

An early riser who can honestly echo Ernest Hemingway's claim to have seen the sun rise every day of his life, Good is usually up by 4 and at his desk by 5 a.m. (he generally retires by 11 p.m.). He freely confesses to being a "work addict," and concedes that his addiction may have contributed to the breakup of his first marriage. The marriage, by which Good has four children, ended in divorce in 1965. (He was remarried in 1967 to Joanne Finstad, a phylogeneticist—a specialist in evolutionary relationships—who worked with him in Minnesota.)

Theory. An ardent advocate of unhampered creativity, Good encourages his students and colleagues to try a wide variety of approaches in their search for answers. "Hypotheses," he tells them, "are instruments. It doesn't matter if they are right or wrong as long as they stimulate thought." Thus, he reasons, no one need feel chagrined when his pet theory is shot down. "Right now, our theories are widely accepted," says he, "but I'm sure that some young bastard will come along and make us mad as hell with some intellectual leap that postulates a completely new theory. Whether he's right or wrong doesn't matter. Just trying to find out if he is or isn't should force us to think, to examine, to do new experiments. That's what science is—or should be—all about."

Good has detractors. Some find him too ambitious for their taste, viewing him as a scientific Sammy Glick who occasionally lets his ego get in the way of his intellect. "He uses the pronoun we a bit too freely," says one immunologist who feels that Good has taken credit for work done by members of his team. "He has a terrible ego drive and occasionally forgets what other people do," says another, who is admittedly annoyed by Good and jealous of his ability to attract research funds and keep his name before the public.

But even Good's severest critics acknowledge his accomplishments. "I'll forgive Good any excess," says a colleague and sometime competitor, "because he's such an enormous stimulator of ideas. Even his bad papers have been well conceived." Most agree and credit Good with being able to recognize an error and abandon it faster than anyone else in medical research. "Good



SURGEONS TRANSPLANTING KIDNEY



never gets married to his hypotheses, so he doesn't go through the pangs of divorce when one is proved wrong," says a Minnesota associate. "He learns from everything and everyone."

Good, who often acts as if he is running for the Nobel Prize, does not deny their charges. "Of course I'm an operator," he admits. "I'm the most self-centered person in the world. I'll use whatever there is to get things done the way I want them done." At S.K.I., he says, "I hope I can be an effective operator when it comes to cancer."

There is a good chance that he will be. Most researchers believe that the time is ripe for major discoveries in cancer research. Cancer, they believe, could be the first major killer to be controlled by immunological engineering.

Immunology has already led to the control of many serious illnesses. Immunological research resulted in the development of vaccines against polio, once a majorcrippler of children, and rubella, or German measles, which can cause serious birth defects in the children of women who contract it while pregnant. It has led to a broader understanding of allergies and an effective method of preventing erythroblastosis fetalis, a blood condition that can prove fatal to infants shortly after birth.

Hope for Lepers. Doctors can now use "transfer factor," a substance first isolated from the white cells of blood by New York University's Dr. H. Sherwood Lawrence in 1948, to transfer specific immune responses from a normal individual to another who has an immune system deficiency.

Drs. Martin Schulkind and Elia Ayoub of the College of Medicine of the University of Florida have used transfer factor to treat effectively chronic mucocutaneous candidiasis, a severe fungal infection of the skin and mucous membranes; others have used it successfully to treat agammaglobulinemia and Wiskott-Aldrich syndrome, a hereditary defect that leaves its victims unable to resist certain infections.

Immunology has even provided hope to victims of leprosy, one of man's oldest and most dreaded diseases. Last month, Dr. Soo Duk Lim of Seoul National University, Korea, told an international workshop on immunodeficiency diseases at St. Petersburg, Fla., that he has used immunotherapy successfully on 14 patients with lepromatous leprosy, the most severe form of the disease. Lim, who worked closely with Good's Minnesota group, infused the patients with large doses of white cells from unmatched donors weekly for periods of up to 16 weeks, in an attempt to stimulate an immune response against the bacillus responsible for the disease. The treatment, used on patients who had failed to respond to other therapy, helped in all cases, switching on idling immune systems. All patients are now disease free, and one has been so for a year and a half.



GOOD IN OFFICE

In addition to these dramatic results, doctors now know more than ever before about what happens in such autoimmune diseases as rheumatoid arthritis and systemic lupus erythematosus, in which the immune system goes haywire, recognizes certain of the body's own tissues as foreign, and destroys them. They can also treat these illnesses with drugs that suppress the immune system, relieving the symptoms at the risk of leaving the body open to infection. But they have yet to learn the exact causes, let alone the cures for these diseases, which affect more than 5.5 million Americans.

There are other major mysteries to be solved in immunology. No one, for example, has figured out how to overcome completely the phenomenon of tissue rejection that plagues transplant surgery. Serum that inhibits the production and action of lymphocytes, the cells responsible for rejection, may cause severe reactions; immunosuppression, which is now the mainstay of transplant surgery, reduces the body's ability to resist both infection and some cancer.

Research is now going forward to find the answers to these questions. Dr. William Hardy, an S.K.I. veterinarian, is conducting research in animal leukemias that could lead to better understanding of the disease in man. Dr. Philip Paterson and his colleagues at Northwestern University Medical School are trying to identify the viruses they believe are responsible for autoimmune diseases and develop specific agents to combat them. Scientists are seeking to improve existing techniques of tissue typing to facilitate transplants.

A former Minnesota researcher, meanwhile, has made a discovery that may well make tissue typing unnecessary. Dr. William Summerlin, now at S.K.I., has found that when skin is kept in tissue culture for several weeks, its antigens are somehow lost. As a result, the immune system of the patient can no longer recognize the donor's skin as foreign. The skin can then be grafted onto any patient without being rejected. Summerlin's work, which is still exper-



GETTING TO KNOW HIS PATIENTS



LECTURING ON IMMUNOLOGY
An affable operator.

imental, could eventually eliminate both the rejection problem and the need to match donor and recipient, enabling transplant surgeons to make wider use of organs taken from cadavers.

No one appreciates this potential more than Good, who sees immunology as the key to understanding—and ultimately controlling—almost all diseases that afflict man. "Understanding the immune system will enable us to do far more than treat allergies or immunodeficiency diseases, or to control cancer," says Good. "It will enable us to understand the basic processes of life." Good will not predict when this millennium will occur; immunologists are still groping for answers to questions that have puzzled scientists for centuries. But there is little doubt that they are groping in the right direction.

PHASE III

Credibility and Controls

PRESIDENT NIXON had good reason for confidence when he ordered formal wage-price controls replaced by the more voluntary restraints of Phase III last January. Increases in the U.S. cost of living seemed to have been brought down to tolerable levels. Since then, though, there has been more and more reason for the rest of the nation to start worrying. Inflation seems once again to be getting out of hand, despite repeated assurances from the President and Treasury Secretary George Shultz that Washington retains ample authority to crack down on price boosters. There was even more concern last week after the Government reported that in February the unadjusted wholesale price index jumped 1.9%, the biggest monthly rise in 22 years. With that, in an obvious attempt to regain its credibility, the Administration reached for its vaunted "stick in the closet" and reimposed direct controls on the nation's 23 biggest oil companies.

The Cost of Living Council will permit oilmen to raise average prices on their product mix—crude petroleum, gasoline, heating oil and other refinery products—by no more than 1% without advance Government approval. If justified by greater costs, such as a rise in the price of imported oil, companies may get increases up to 1.5%. The council let stand the sharp price boosts in heating oil that many companies posted after Phase III began on Jan. 11. But these hikes will be considered part of the companies' allowable yearly increase and have already eaten up a substantial part of it.

Administration inflation fighters re-

main vague as to whether the move signals the start of a new round of controls that might be extended to other businesses. Indeed, COLC Chairman John Dunlop denies that the oilmen are being used as whipping boys to warn other businessmen to stay in line. Why then were the oil companies singled out? Mostly in order to head off an explosive price rise in gasoline this summer when an anticipated shortage of gas during vacation season is all but certain to nudge prices upward. Without strict regulations, distributors could make a killing by demanding stiff premiums from filling-station owners who want to be well supplied. That tactic would be quickly reflected at the gas pump—and to millions of motorists, no sign of inflation is more noticeable than the price they pay when they say "Fill 'er up."

Visible. News of the Administration's stand sent oil stocks tumbling, but analysts in and out of the business view the move as primarily a political step that will have little immediate impact on industry profits. Meanwhile, an even more visible indicator of inflation, food prices, continues to fly high. In February, seasonally adjusted wholesale-food prices, which take a month or so to be reflected at supermarket checkout counters, soared 3.2%. Over the past three months, the annual rate of increase for wholesale food has been a painful 56%. Last week even the usually confident chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Herbert Stein, sounded uncertain. Said Stein of the wholesale report: "The figures just released emphasize the need to keep a

very strong economic expansion now under way from turning into an inflationary boom."

Many labor leaders, economists and legislators believe that the only way to do that is to go back to formal controls on many products besides oil. In approving a one-year extension of the President's power to regulate wages and prices last week, the Senate Banking Committee barely defeated, by a tie vote, a proposal requiring a return to mandatory controls. AFL-CIO Chief George Meany has said that labor unions, in major contract negotiations covering almost 5,000,000 workers this year, will not be bound by the Administration's rubbery guideline of 5.5% if food prices continue their upward march. Robert Nathan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, predicts that negotiated wage increases this year will average about 7%. In addition, he forecasts, more contracts than ever will contain potentially inflationary escalator clauses that will automatically add to paychecks an amount equal to the entire future rise in consumer prices. So far, says Nathan, Phase III "has been a terrible story of failure. I think the only way out of this inflation is to go right back to Phase II."

Worried COLC officials are even exploring the possibility of bringing presently unregulated farm prices under control. Official thinking still holds, though, that such a move would only give rise to black markets. The Administration line remains that recent moves to increase farm production will cause food prices to level off and then decline later this year, that other prices can be held steady without mandatory controls, and that COLC Chairman Dunlop's bargaining skills will keep unions from getting outsized wage boosts. But the burden of proof is squarely on Nixon and his aides.

GEORGE SHULTZ & JOHN DUNLOP



DELIVERING HEATING OIL IN MANHATTAN



CEA CHIEF HERBERT STEIN



MONEY

The Floating World

Grim-faced finance and treasury ministers from the West's major industrial nations streamed into Brussels and Paris last week for anxious, endless meetings about the latest monetary crisis. Even as they argued, a solution of sorts seemed to be working itself out. Though official currency exchanges were closed throughout Europe and will stay shut for at least part of this week, private money markets remained open much as usual. But rather than make deals at the official exchange rates, currency traders allowed monetary values to be set by supply and demand. In effect—and without formal government sanc-

tion—changed their dollars in hotels and restaurants, rather than in banks, had to accept rates that were often unreasonable. Bankers and their customers did more than the usual amount of telephoning back and forth, trying to decide whether to let a currency deal go through at the going rate or wait for a slightly better one. The Common Market farm bureaucracy imposed a tax system on inter-European food shipments that was designed to compensate farmers who lost money because of the float. It contained no fewer than 26 different border-tax rates for agricultural trade in Italy alone.

For all that, the *de facto* float was, on the whole, a notable success. The currency speculators who had precipitated the crisis by flooding central banks with unwanted dollars on the bet that the greenbacks would soon decline in value against other currencies were forced into retreat. The dollar's value steadied on most markets, though at week's end it still stood below its supposedly official post-devaluation rate and far down from its lordly values of 1970 (see chart). Most businessmen and bankers continued to operate normally, agreeing with Rome Banker Marcello Tagnacini's optimism: "*S'arrangiarà*," an Italian expression meaning "everything can be arranged."

Everything, that is, except joint agreement by the Common Market members' governments on what they should do. The West Germans continued to press for a common float in which EEC currencies would still drift in value against the dollar but would be lashed to specific parities among themselves. The Germans found little enthusiasm for that idea. The British and Italians have been floating their currencies for some months, and are not anxious to repeg them against other European currencies at present.

Double Risk. Jointly, singly or in combinations of countries, the non-Communist world now seems to be moving, at least temporarily, toward floating currency values. Money men long believed that such a system would create enough confusion to dampen the desire for international investment. Because no one could be certain, for example, how many Swiss francs a dollar would be worth on any given day, the investor would not only have to take a risk on his project but also on the currency transactions necessary to finance it. Thus the usual practice for the past 25 years has been for governments to agree on official exchange rates and to defend them by using national reserves to buy their partners' currency.

Yet after two devaluations of the dollar within 14 months, and more monetary crises than anyone cares to keep track of, businessmen have begun to doubt that fixed exchange rates really guarantee monetary stability. The newer theory is that they only cause currency changes to come joltingly overnight, by formal devaluations and

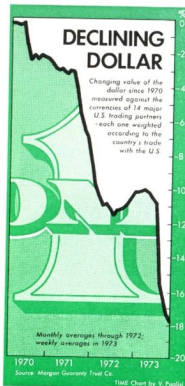


TOURIST MEETS NEW LIRA RATE IN ROME
A sea of tranquillity.

revaluations, rather than gradually, by the day-to-day adjustments of a floating system. One reason is that speculators have gained a powerful weapon in some \$70 billion worth of unredeemable dollars. The figure represents the spillage from two decades of U.S. balance of payments deficits. Foreign governments are committed to buy the dollars under a fixed exchange-rate system, but they do not really want them. This volatile cash rockets through European nations and Japan with alarming speed, searching for a currency that might be revalued upward and thus earn a quick profit for its holders.

Floating partly strips speculators of their advantage. "It's much more a one-sided gamble if a government alone is pegging the dollars," says a monetary official in Canada, where local currency has floated against the U.S. dollar for nearly three years without major problems. "Under a float, a speculator has to gamble against other speculators. This helps settle the value of the dollar at a point somewhere near what rival speculators feel is about the right price." Besides, businessmen in recent years have learned to deal much more easily on the "forward exchange market"—where buyers and sellers of currency agree in advance on the rate to be used in a given transaction. Says David Grove, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "There is no reason to think that floating rates, once adopted, would really have sharp adjustments."

In an ideal world economy a nation should be able to set the value of its currency for at least reasonable lengths of time. But the present monetary system has been so battered over the years that for the time being there may be little alternative to the splash world of floating.

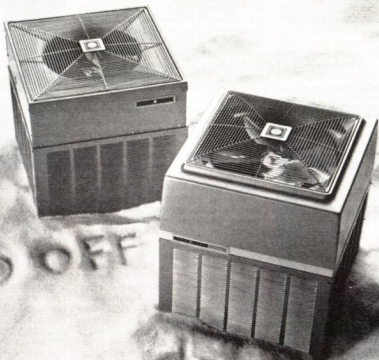


tion—the world's major currencies were floating against one another, free to find their open-market level.

According to conventional monetary wisdom, that can be a prescription for chaos. In practice last week it turned out to be a formula for tranquillity: executives and travelers bought only as much foreign money as they really needed, at relatively stable, if unguaranteed, prices. No one can tell whether that quiet will last, and the official bet is still very much on chaos. Money men are continuing to search for some way to get the dollar's price in other currencies formally set again. But last week's experience nevertheless might be a foretaste of the monetary future.

The floating system was not without its hitches. U.S. tourists who unwise-

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ANTITRUST

Final Word for El Paso

THE chief asset of Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corp. is a steel artery about two feet in diameter that winds through six Western states bringing natural gas to eleven million consumers. El Paso Natural Gas Co., which has the nation's largest reserves of that fuel, acquired Pacific Northwest and its strategic pipeline in 1957, and El Paso executives have been fighting in court ever since to hang on to their purchase. Last week they reached the end of the line: the Supreme Court ordered El Paso to get rid of Pacific Northwest.

The ruling ends a saga of byzantine complexity. In the past 16 years, the case has come before the Supreme Court no fewer than eight times. Some 39 companies, Government agencies and private citizens have joined the case over the years. At one point, a bill was introduced in Congress to exempt the El Paso-Pacific Northwest merger from the antitrust laws, but it died in committee. El Paso paid close to \$16 million to lawyers and public relations men during its losing fight.

At first the merger appeared routine. Pacific Northwest, formed by a group of engineers in 1954, did little better than break even during its first three years. With the approval of Pacific Northwest directors, El Paso bought the firm for stock worth \$151.8 million. El Paso executives explained that they wanted the pipeline primarily to link their company's own pipes with new gas finds in Canada. But Justice Department lawyers thought that El Paso was really out to protect its position as the only major out-of-state supplier of natural gas to California. Pacific Northwest had not then put a pipeline into the state, but the firm had agreed to supply a California utility with natural gas at a price 25% cheaper than El Paso was charging customers in the area. By acquiring Pacific Northwest, the Government contended, El Paso was removing an important potential competitor.

A federal judge in Utah ruled in favor of El Paso in 1962, but the Supreme Court overturned the decision in 1964. The same lower-court judge then approved a divestiture agreement that kept effective control of Pacific Northwest in the hands of El Paso's management. In 1967 the Supreme Court removed the Utah judge from the case

and ordered that Pacific Northwest be sold to an independent third party. A federal judge in Colorado then approved another divestiture proposal in 1968, but the Supreme Court later threw it out. Last year the Colorado federal court approved a new plan designating Colorado Interstate Corp. as buyer of the pipeline. But before El Paso could appeal, Colorado Interstate was taken over by Coastal States Gas Transmission Co.; the Colorado court

crisis. They contend further that without the economies that a combined El Paso-Pacific Northwest operation provided, Western consumers will have to pay higher prices for gas. Opponents counter that the new company will be able to afford extensive exploration, and that competition is likely to hold prices down rather than push them up.

The consequences for El Paso itself will not be severe. El Paso Chairman Howard Boyd says that losing Pacific Northwest will not jeopardize any previously announced plans to import Algerian natural gas into the U.S. and expand gas exploration around the world. El Paso remains the General Motors of the pipeline industry, with financial and natural gas reserves that exceed those of any competitor. El Paso shareholders will not have their total holdings diminished by the divestiture, and El Paso will not have to surrender any of the more than \$2 billion that Pacific Northwest has contributed since the ill-fated pipeline marriage began.

MANAGEMENT

Truth or Consequences

Globules of sweat gathered on the young man's forehead as he sat stiffly next to the machine. A rubber tube was wound around his chest and wires were taped to his fingertips. Two squiggly blue lines on a roll of paper winding out of the machine marked the progress of unseen physiological processes inside his body. His inquisitor kept coming back to the same insinuating questions about whether he had been stealing or was heavily in debt; every time he answered no, he imagined to his horror that the lines were jumping wildly. Fortunately, they were not. The young man eventually passed his lie-detector test—and thus qualified for a job as a store manager for a hamburger chain.

It could just as well have been a job for a trucking line, jewelry store or bank. Despite intense opposition from unions, legislators and civil libertarians, a growing number of companies are forcing present workers and/or would-be employees to submit to polygraph tests. Main reason: executives are looking for an easy way to cut down employee stealing, which insurance analysts estimate may total \$3 billion this year.

The business of conducting the tests has become a growth industry. Restaurant chains and retail stores—both notorious targets for petty, in-house thieves—are known to be heavy users of the polygraph. Officials of Zale Corp., a Dallas-based jewelry chain, admit that they ask a large number of new employees to take lie-detector tests before they are formally hired. The Burger King and McDonald's hamburger



redrew its proposal and substituted the Apco Group, a combine of four relatively small companies (Apco Oil Corp., Alaska Interstate Co., Gulf Interstate Co. and Tipperary Land & Exploration Corp.). Last week the Supreme Court confirmed that choice.

The order will create a sizable new company, to be called Northwest Pipeline, with assets of \$300 million and revenues of \$190 million a year. It will rank fourth in North American natural gas reserves after El Paso, Tennessee Gas Pipeline Co. and Northern Natural Gas Co. The Apco Group will buy 20% of Pacific Northwest for a price still to be negotiated; El Paso shareholders will have options on the remaining 80% of the stock.

Impressive as the figures seem, El Paso executives say that the new company will not have enough money to finance the massive exploration necessary to help relieve the present energy



SHIELDS HOOKED UP TO POLYGRAPH
Trial by wire.

chains also have used the polygraph on some employees, though McDonald's last month ended the practice at its California outlets under pressure from the state labor commissioner. Indeed, polygraphers figure that as many as one-fourth of all major U.S. companies now subject at least some of their workers to the lie-detector test.

As many as 400,000 tests were administered last year by commercial polygraph firms for an average fee of \$25 to \$50. The number of professional polygraphers has increased 50% in the past five years, to 1,200. Many operate one-machine offices, but a few companies, like Dale System Inc. of Garden City, N.Y., and Management Safeguards Inc. of Manhattan, have offices in a number of cities. Lincoln M. Zohn Inc. of Manhattan, probably the largest U.S. lie-detector firm, recorded sales of \$1.5 million last year, double those of 1969, and has filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission for a public stock offering.

To a longtime employee of one of their clients, polygraphers will put such questions as: "Have you taken any money or merchandise?" or "Have you violated any company policies?" New job applicants can expect such questions as: "Is there something important concerning yourself that you haven't told us? Have you ever been arrested or questioned by the police? Would you classify yourself as a light, medium or heavy drinker? Have you ever taken any drugs other than pot or hash?" (A surprising number of companies consider marijuana or hashish usage inoffensive.)

The polygraph supposedly identifies false answers by measuring involuntary changes in blood pressure, breathing and galvanic skin response, a process that involves sweating. The changes purportedly occur under the emotional stress of lying. But however sensitive it is, the machine is not infallible. Results of lie-detector tests normally are not admitted as evidence in court cases be-

cause they are not considered reliable enough. A coolly determined person can sometimes hoodwink the machine, as TIME Reporter-Researcher Eileen Shields did in a polygraph test at Dale System headquarters. By trying to remain calm and control her physical responses, she successfully convinced her questioner that she was 26 years old instead of her correct age, 29. "I tried to think of no as a meaningless word, just as easy to say as yes," she recalls. The operator eventually determined that she was lying, but only after he began to monitor her blood pressure in addition to her breathing and perspiration.

Guilty. Reliability aside, polygraph opponents argue that forcing employees to take lie-detector tests is unfair and degrading. Next month, the American Civil Liberties Union will publish a report contending that employee testing by polygraph violates the constitutional principle that a citizen is presumed innocent until proven guilty and constitutes "an illegal search and seizure of the subject's thoughts, attitudes and beliefs." Says John Shattuck, a co-author of the report: "It is logically impossible to determine whether polygraph testing at a particular company is voluntary or a condition of employment, so all pre-employment use should be banned." Democratic Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina has introduced a bill to do exactly that.

Unions representing employees of some retail chains, including locals at E.J. Korvette and Grand Union, have won contract provisions severely limiting lie-detector tests. A few stores, like New York's Bonwit Teller, have abandoned tests on sales personnel because of worker opposition. And many executives, whether out of consideration for good employee relations or philosophical conviction, will have nothing to do with the machine.

Polygraphers argue that businessmen simply must protect themselves against dishonest employees. "There comes a time when your privacy and mine has to be weighed against the company's being stolen blind and put out of business," says J. Kirk Barefoot, former president of the 900-member American Polygraph Association. So many businessmen obviously agree that, for a while at least, many employees will have to regard a polygraphic game of truth or consequences as a normal part of their working lives.

JAPAN

Boy Meets Co-Worker

Like many Japanese executives, the heads of Mitsubishi like to consider their workers one big happy family. The combine's 260,000 employees are scattered among 27 member firms that make everything from diodes to diapers, but they can sing the company song, vacation at company resorts and enroll


in Mitsubishi-sponsored haiku-writing and flower-arranging courses. Yet for years Mitsubishi executives have stewed over an insult to the ideal of togetherness: some 80,000 Mitsubishi workers are unmarried.

After a year of investigation, a top-level executive committee is now offering a combination of technology and tradition to close the gap. Mitsubishi's giant IBM System/370 Model 165 computer has been put to work making matches. For 8,000 yen (about \$30) a Mitsubishi worker can get the names of as many as ten employees of the opposite sex best matched to his or her own talents, traits and concept of an ideal mate. Eight courtship counselors, most of them wives of Mitsubishi executives, guide candidates in making final selections. "Mitsubishi boys and girls spend a lot of time and money in search of their future husband or wife," says Hiroyuki Ito, a former Mitsubishi insurance executive who heads the mating effort. "We aim to cut that unnecessary wandering to a minimum."

Some 260 employees have taken advantage of the service since it began two months ago, and a dozen couples are in initial stages of courtship. So far there have been no weddings. Arranged marriages represent a persistent tradition in Japan—one recent study estimated that 20% of matches in Tokyo are still put together by parents—but company counselors insist that they exert no pressure on employees to marry their print-out partners. Mitsubishi executives do admit that they value such intramural mergers. Says Ito: "When the wife shares the same corporate frame of reference with her husband, she can only understand him more and help achieve for him a higher degree of performance and efficiency as an employee."



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A Man with Qualities

WITTGENSTEIN'S VIENNA

by ALLAN JANIK and STEPHEN TOULMIN
314 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

Ludwig Wittgenstein is not a household word and not likely to become one. He was one of the most demanding philosophers of the 20th century, a man who spent most of his life thinking and writing about what he concluded could not be thought or written about. His style was forbiddingly compact and aphoristic. In addition, there were his disconcerting remarks about his work being mainly a cleaning of the intellectual stables, and his ironic suggestion that what he had not written about was most valuable of all.

Wittgenstein was obsessed with the relationship between words and reality and the question of whether language clouds rather than defines what is actual. To the question, "What is your aim in philosophy?", he answered, "To show the fly the way out of the fly bottle." He was the fly, and words the sticky trap. In his book *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* he used a rigorous logic to enclose the boundaries of language. What lay outside, he concluded, was a reality that could not be named, let alone explained. He became the patron saint of logical positivism, that dry, scrupulous wing of modern philosophy most concerned with linguistics, most scornful of the broad, uplifting phrases of the old philosophers.

Logic. If one aim of philosophy is to show a path to ethical behavior, Wittgenstein seems to have paved the way to a dead end. His own painful solution was to accept ethics as an act of faith, not logic. A bit like going around the world to get across the street. Why Wittgenstein devoted his life to pursuing the ineffable may not be explainable either, but at least it can be talked about. With caution and discrimination and color, Authors Janik and Toulmin attempt to show how Wittgenstein's theories grew out of the fertile decay of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Vienna before World War I was a heart of decadence in a glittering shell. The fusty Emperor Franz Josef ruled over a sprawling, ramshackle empire, weakened by corruption. By spending lavishly on his army, he managed to maintain the empire as what Austrian Novelist Robert Musil called "the second-weakest great power in Europe."

If the empire was a satirist's paradise, as Musil demonstrated in his mammoth novel *A Man Without Qualities*, it was also the most exciting intellectual center in Europe. There were Mach and Boltzman in physics, Bruckner, Mahler and Schoenberg in music, Adler and Freud in psychology. There were also dozens of writers and jour-

nalists, including the brilliant, mordant social critic Karl Kraus, whose anti-paper *Die Fackel* (The Torch) was dedicated to making its readers "morally aware of the essential distinction between the chamber pot and an urn."

Morals, ethics and aesthetics were closely bound in the minds of Vienna's modernists, and Ludwig Wittgenstein was born and raised at the crossroads of this culture. His father was a multimillionaire iron and steel man who also ran one of the finest music salons in Vienna. Mahler, Bruno Walter and a young Spanish cellist named Pablo Casals were frequent guests.

All the Wittgenstein children showed talent, intelligence and determi-



LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN
Not a household word.

nation. Paul Wittgenstein, for example, became famous as a one-armed concert pianist after losing his right arm in the war. He ensured a repertory by commissioning Richard Strauss, Ravel and Prokofiev to write pieces for the left hand. During Hitler's *Anschluss*, a sister insisted on being jailed with other Viennese Jews, even though the Nazis, in this instance less interested in blood than iron, chose not to notice the family's partly Jewish heritage.

Among the Wittgensteins, a thread of Hebraic moral and aesthetic idealism was interwoven with the Protestant work ethic. There were ominous strains as well. Something about crumbling Hapsburg Austria seemed to demoralize many of its most gifted people. The suicide rate was high; three of Wittgen-

stein's five brothers took their own lives.

The youngest, Ludwig, seemed to have the sunniest disposition. Engineering seemed a likely career. At Manchester University in England in 1910 he studied physics and math and grew deeply interested in logic. At Cambridge he read philosophy with Bertrand Russell and so impressed the dons that he was elected to the Apostles, a secret society of intellectuals and artists that included most of what became the Bloomsbury group.

Wittgenstein was influenced by Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*, Kierkegaard's "leap into the absurd" (that of Christianity without certainty), and Tolstoy's commitment to moral acts as well as words. In 1913 Wittgenstein built a cabin in Norway and secluded himself to work on *Tractatus*. He completed the book during World War I while serving as an officer in the Austrian army. Then he completely lost interest in the whole subject.

He also renounced his inherited fortune. During the 1920s Wittgenstein was a gardener in a monastery, a hotel porter, an amateur architect and, for six years, an elementary-school teacher in lower Austria. All the while the myth of the oddball genius was growing, and the influence of *Tractatus* was spreading. Poets and artists claimed to have been inspired by the book. An obituary was supposedly written under its spell. Cambridge philosophers kept appropriating Wittgenstein's ideas.

In 1939 he returned to Cambridge to teach—though for the duration of World War II he worked as a hospital orderly and lab technician. At the time of his death from cancer in 1951, he was all but canonized and possessed a widening circle of disciples. His magnetism was enormous. Slight, handsome and with intense blue eyes, he was imposing at the lectern. He lived in two austere rooms devoid of books and pictures. His only furniture was a card table, three chairs, a camp bed and a fireproof safe for his manuscripts.

But Wittgenstein's fame does not rest on charismatic trappings or abstruse treatises. He insisted that his life bear some resemblance to the purity and economy of his thought. And he succeeded in a world where language was constantly being corrupted for evil uses and people were shooting first and asking their profound questions afterward. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Out of the Woods

SURFACING

by MARGARET ATWOOD
224 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.95.

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And will be.





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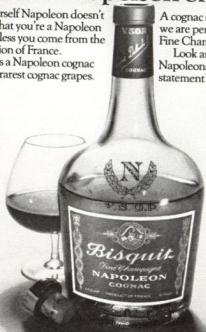
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E9

BOOKS

Miss Atwood continues where she left off in *The Edible Woman*, chronicling the particular pains of being female in the '70s.

Her nameless narrator is Canadian, like herself, and a bit younger—in her late 20s. A commercial artist making a perfunctory living by illustrating children's books, she has left her husband and her own child. "A divorce," she observes with her dreadful gift for understatement, "is like an amputation: you survive, but there's less of you."

The problem for Miss Atwood's anti-heroine is that she has been divorced from far more than a husband. She and her urbanized—worse, Americanized—friends seem to make no connections at all even within their own free-floating selves. Like a supercasual Dante, Miss Atwood pronounces sentence upon her generation of lost and damned: "Any one of us could have amnesia for years and the others wouldn't notice."

She has devised her hell for pseudosophisticated young Canadians and a make-do formula for living in it: "If it hurts, invent a different pain." Like a good Canadian, Miss Atwood conceives of the ultimate pain as a kind of terminal frostbite: the frozen state of feeling nothing, even pain. Her narrator thinks she may have arrived at this last circle, only to discover she is not quite so dead as she presumed.

Child. Her father, who has been living alone in a cabin on a remote northern Quebec lake, is reported missing. Accompanied by her lover (a failed potter) and another couple, who use the occasion to film a glib backwoods documentary ("A marginal economy and grizzled elderly men, it's straight out of Depression photo essays"), the daughter returns to this scene of her childhood to hunt for her father.

As the quartet sets up headquarters in the cabin and conducts random searches, the daughter finds herself tracking ancestors more distant than her father. She comes upon what appear to be copies of rock paintings among her father's papers, then decides these atavistic scrawls are original visions, uniting her father with the first cave painter, his archetypal self.

She too resolves to "become like a little child again, a barbarian," a primitive, psychically joining with her father and all the Jungian forefathers. Step by step she regresses into a private wilderness, beyond the last camper's garbage, the last hunter's slaughtered bird, the last echo of the defoliating chain saw.

If modern man is suffering the pain of turning into his own machine, the author argues in effect, why not let him choose the less ignominious old organic pain of being an animal? Much of this sounds modish and empty. But Margaret Atwood, alternately satirical and lyrical, is a mistress of controlled hysteria. She skillfully presses her polarized universe upon her reader and indeed upon her race. She may be exces-



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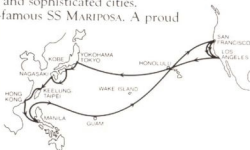
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BOOKS

sively hard on civilization. But, as only a really gifted writer can, she turns paranoia into art, forcing her rapidly industrializing fellow countrymen—her rapidly overindustrializing world—to contemplate the hate in the bloody eye of one of their victims: the "pure pain, clear as water, an animal's at the moment the trap closes." ■Melvin Maddocks

Blue-Collar Catharsis

THE COMPANY AND THE UNION

by WILLIAM SERRIN

308 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

The union was the United Auto Workers, an organization that regularly increases the liquidity of its strike fund by selling off gilt-edged securities. The company was General Motors, whose annual sales would constitute a gross na-

JOHN ROBERTSON



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tional product bigger than that of, say, Switzerland or South Africa if it were a country instead of the largest business corporation on earth. When the U.A.W. struck GM for two grim months in 1970, the U.S. economy nearly stopped dead in its tracks.

Was anything actually settled by the costliest strike in U.S. history? Not much, says the author, a Pulitzer-prize-winning journalist who helped cover the strike for the *Detroit Free Press*. The union won an unlimited cost-of-living escalator clause; but the growing sense of futility attached to assembly-line work—psychologically at least, the real issue of the strike—was barely confronted. The settlement mostly dealt with added pay, a little more vacation, and slightly earlier retirement. Only a year later, worker discontent exploded again at Chevrolet's highly mechanized Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio.

Author Serrin contends that the fault for the auto industry's blue-collar treadmill lies with the top echelons on both sides. Over the years, the chiefs



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It's good to be in Minnesota

BOOKS

have grown closer to each other than they are to their respective Indians. This "civilized relationship," as Leonard Woodcock once called it, in practice seems to produce a kind of industrial-age charade in which both parties tend to forget about everyone's long-term interests and settle on short-term gains that are pretty much predetermined.

The book is at its insider's best explaining the charade. In one of the strike's darkest hours, GM could easily have arranged a bruising raid on the union's strike fund by demanding some \$23 million to keep up payments on the workers' health and life insurance plans. Instead, management agreed to advance that sum to the U.A.W. in a short-term loan—in effect helping finance the strike against itself. The company's explanation: GM stood to lose more in public relations points than it could gain at the bargaining table had it ruthlessly pressed its advantage. The real turning point came not through patient haggling but during a secret meeting between Woodcock and GM Chairman James M. Roche, at which both resolved that the strike must be ended before Christmas. After terms had been accepted by the union leadership, GM Head Negotiator Earl Bramblett—doing what he could to get the rank and file to approve the deal—dutifully implied that it was extremely inflationary.

In the end, U.A.W. members cheered a settlement that, by Woodcock's admission, could have been won before the contract deadline, which meant that the strike itself was little more than a blue-collar catharsis. Because of the cost of the walkout and loss of overtime during the recession, relatively few eligible workers took advantage of the "30 and out" early-retirement program that was supposedly their major gain. Employee absenteeism soon returned to its normal 5%, and employee morale does not seem much different from that expressed by the worker who explained his frequent sacrifice of one day's pay a week by saying that was all the absenteeism he could afford.

■ William R. Doerner

No Bed of Roses

GEORGE C. MARSHALL:
ORGANIZER OF VICTORY
by FORREST C. POGUE
683 pages. Viking, \$15.

General of the Army George Catlett Marshall was the only American general in history to survive an entire war as Army Chief of Staff. Secretary of War Henry Stimson wanted him to be Supreme Allied Commander for the anticipated invasion of Europe, and Franklin Roosevelt concurred. But eventually it was decided that the country needed its "most accomplished officer" just where he was.

In this fine third volume of Forrest Pogue's four-volume biography, the author carries the general up through

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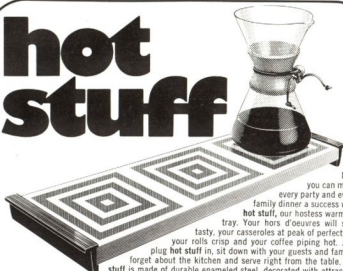
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BOOKS



MARSHALL, WITH EISENHOWER, 1944
A genuine hatred of war.

V-E day and demonstrates that Marshall was indeed indispensable in Washington. Marshall, in fact, seems to have possessed all those qualities which generals should have and rarely do—breadth of vision with grasp of detail, patience, strategic intelligence and humanity. Illustrative small detail: in 1940, when a persistent salesman was having trouble selling a new vehicle to the Army, Walter Bedell Smith, then a major, boldly interrupted a conference of generals to tell Marshall about it. Marshall listened briefly, then told him to order some. The vehicle was the Jeep.

Such tasks and decisions were as much a part of Marshall's war as buttonholing Congress for men and money and matériel, chewing out recalcitrant unions and lackadaisical manufacturers, placating the Navy and MacArthur in the Pacific and planning strategy with the British. Though he was basically calm and soft-spoken, Marshall's rage could be formidable when provoked, as it was when railroad unions threatened to strike at Christmas time in 1943. It would, he said, with uncharacteristic exaggeration, protract the war by six months. British strategy in the Mediterranean also roused the general's deepest ire. When Winston Churchill and the British generals at the Cairo Conference kept talking up an Allied invasion of the island of Rhodes, Marshall finally exploded. "God forbid that I should try to dictate," he said. "but not one American is going to die on that goddamned beach!"

Soft Underbelly? The British became used to Marshall's dogged persistence. They fought him for months on the question of a second front in 1944. Would it be in Southern France, as the U.S. wanted, or start on the Italian peninsula near Trieste—the famous "soft underbelly of Europe"—and work on up through the Ljubljana Gap toward Vienna? Marshall argued that an invasion of Southern France would

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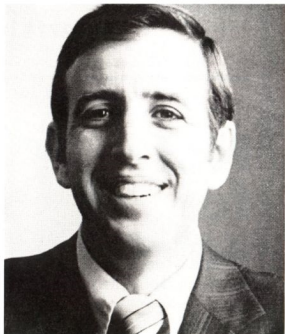
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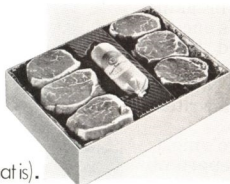
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BOOKS

win valuable ports for the Allies and draw French forces into the war. The Trieste Istrian approach, he warned, could pose serious problems of supply, geography and resistance. "The soft underbelly," he wrote, "has chrome-steel sideboards."

Marshall had a genuine hatred of war. The theme that recurs most insistently throughout the book is his effort to keep in mind the human consequences of war, especially one conducted globally and on a statistical scale never before imagined.

Every few days, Marshall saw to it that F.D.R. got a casualty chart with the figures marked in color. Otherwise, the Chief of Staff explained, "you get hardened to these things and you have to be very careful to keep them in the forefront of your mind."

"Making war in a democracy is no bed of roses," Marshall once noted. It is tempting, reading Pogue's rich book, to speculate on how Marshall would have survived the democratic strains of another era—especially the bitter national divisions of the recent past. If he would not let one American die for Rhodes, could he have kept one from dying for Quang Tri or An Loc? The questions are unanswerable, though they reach toward one of the crucial issues of Viet Nam—the extent to which a democracy can wage a war not supported by the national will, and the extent to which such a will can be manipulated. In any case Historian Pogue proves beyond cavil that George Catlett Marshall was that relative rarity in military history, the right man in the right place at the right time. ■ Mayo Mohs

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (1 last week)
- 2—*Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, Bach (2)
- 3—*The Sunlight Dialogues*, Gardner (5)
- 4—*Elephants Can Remember*, Christie (3)
- 5—*August 1914*, Solzhenitsyn (9)
- 6—*Green Darkness*, Seton (8)
- 7—*The Camerons*, Crichton (10)
- 8—*Sem-Tough*, Jenkins (4)
- 9—*Snow Fire*, Whitney (7)
- 10—*The Persian Bay*, Renault (6)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, Atkins (1)
- 2—*The Best and the Brightest*, Hilderbrand (2)
- 3—*Harry S. Truman*, Truman (4)
- 4—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (3)
- 5—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (5)
- 6—*All Creatures Great and Small*, Herriot (7)
- 7—*"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye"*, O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (8)
- 8—*Journey to Ixtlan*, Castaneda (6)
- 9—*The Implosion Conspiracy*, Nizer
- 10—*Soldier*, Lieut. Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, U.S.A. (ret.) with James T. Wooten (10)

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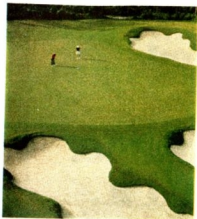
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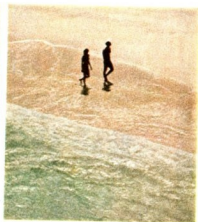
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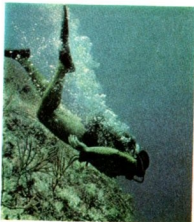
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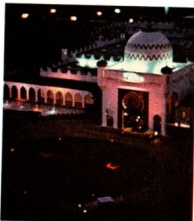
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Earth to Earth

What was so compelling about the story of a Chinese peasant who rose to riches—actually through his wife's shrewd looting of a local rich man's house during a rebellion? Well, it was both uplifting and escapist literature for Americans harassed by tumbling stock prices, declining job opportunities and general disillusionment with a society that had disappointed them. Published in 1931, *The Good Earth* made Pearl Buck rich, and, at the relatively late age of 39, an instant celebrity.

Every male chauvinist pig of a certain age can remember the movie, where the docile wife (played by Luise Rainer, German accent and all, for an Oscar) labored in the fields alongside her husband until the very day of their first child's birth—and went back to



PEARL BUCK IN 1972
Between East and West.

work the following day. The book's view of China was both highly sentimental and earthily detailed. *The Good Earth* was not a great novel, but it eventually helped win its author the 1938 Nobel Prize for Literature. Said one orator at the ceremonies: "You have taught us to see those qualities of thought and feeling which bind us all together as human beings on this earth."

Pearl Buck, who died last week in Vermont at the age of 80, was well qualified to do just this. She was born Pearl Comfort Sydenstricker in Hillsboro, W. Va., in 1892. But her parents were Presbyterian missionaries, and the family soon went back to China. Her father believed that he had to mingle with the Chinese if he was to influence them toward Christianity; he wore Chinese dress and even grew a queue. Pearl was tutored by a Confucian scholar and spoke Chinese before she spoke English. All her playmates were Chinese, and she realized that she was "different" only in 1900, when the Boxer Rebellion flared and the Empress Dow-

ger Tz'u-hsi decreed that all white people must be killed. The family had to take refuge briefly in Shanghai.

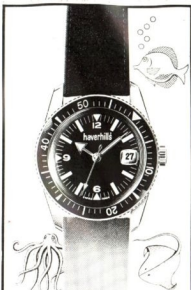
After college in the U.S., Pearl returned to China and marriage with John Lossing Buck, an "agricultural missionary." Said Pearl later: "I married a handsome face, and did you ever try to live just with a handsome face?" She tried for 18 years, during which she and her family withstood more than a troubled marriage. In 1927, revolutionary Chinese troops invaded Nanking in an orgy of looting and the slaughter of foreigners. A Chinese peasant woman Pearl had befriended offered her and her two children a hiding place in her own small hut. Said Pearl later: "I too have had that strange and terrible experience of facing death because of my color. The only reason that I was not killed was because my Chinese friends knew me under my skin and risked their lives for me." Next day they were able to reach the safety of a U.S. Navy vessel and a year's exile in Japan.

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with mermaids &
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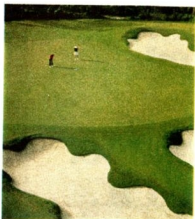
Alas, how few of us have physical stamina and spiritual strength to don wet suit and mask and...armed only with harpoon and camera...join sleek-muscled youths in exploration of Neptune's watery domain. But now, slightly breathless, and on terra firma, you may participate (at least vicariously) in romantic undersea exploits by donning HAVERHILL WATCH. This remarkable Swiss timepiece features luminous dial, sweep-second, lapsed time indicator, calendar, steel body, tropical strap, and one lovingly positioned jewel. We list HAVERHILL at \$16.95, but today—swept up in a tide of good fellowship—it's just \$10.95...a laughable bargain. And that isn't all! We'll also send you our color-full 64-page catalog and a \$2 Gift Certificate. You may return HAVERHILL in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend). And it is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge you for postage and handling). So, for a reliable, good looking watch that you don't have to take off in shower, bathtub, pool or sauna, and with which you may even gambol in Neptune's realm of mermaid, stingray and octopus, just fill your name, address and zip on the margin, send us your check for \$11.95 (\$10.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance—fellow Californians, please add another \$6.00 for our leader in Sacramento) and we shall float that HAVERHILL right out to you.

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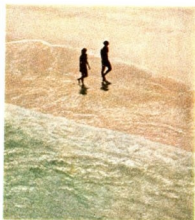
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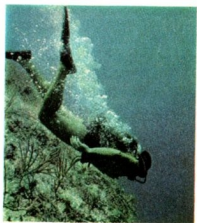
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The Bahamas. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

Earth to Earth

What was so compelling about the story of a Chinese peasant who rose to riches—actually through his wife's shrewd looting of a local rich man's house during a rebellion? Well, it was both uplifting and escapist literature for Americans harassed by tumbling stock prices, declining job opportunities and general disillusionment with a society that had disappointed them. Published in 1931, *The Good Earth* made Pearl Buck rich, and, at the relatively late age of 39, an instant celebrity.

Every male chauvinist pig of a certain age can remember the movie, where the docile wife (played by Luise Rainer, German accent and all, for an Oscar) labored in the fields alongside her husband until the very day of their first child's birth—and went back to

BRUCE CURTIS



PEARL BUCK IN 1972
Between East and West.

work the following day. The book's view of China was both highly sentimental and earthily detailed. *The Good Earth* was not a great novel, but it eventually helped win its author the 1938 Nobel Prize for Literature. Said one orator at the ceremonies: "You have taught us to see those qualities of thought and feeling which bind us all together as human beings on this earth."

Pearl Buck, who died last week in Vermont at the age of 80, was well qualified to do just this. She was born Pearl Comfort Sydenstricker in Hillsboro, Vt., in 1892. But her parents were Presbyterian missionaries, and the family soon went back to China. Her father believed that he had to mingle with the Chinese if he was to influence them toward Christianity; he wore Chinese dress and even grew a queue. Pearl was tutored by a Confucian scholar and spoke Chinese before she spoke English. All her playmates were Chinese, and she realized that she was "different" only in 1900, when the Boxer Rebellion flared and the Empress Dow-

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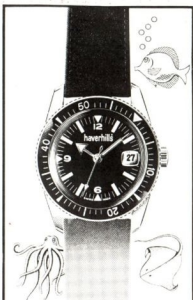
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Getting Straight On Delancey Street

Pacific Heights is San Francisco's most exclusive section—and it looks it. Pretty young socialites walk their Afghan hounds along well-kept streets. Well-heeled business executives ride by in chauffeured Rolls-Royces. Baronial mansions overlook the rest of the city. The tenants of one of these mansions do not quite fit the neighborhood picture of opulent elegance: they are 170 former drug addicts and ex-convicts who have done time for crimes ranging from petty theft to armed robbery.

Calling themselves the Delancey Street Family, these unlikely tenants have formed a new "therapeutic community" that is partly modeled after the well-publicized Synanon program, yet is crucially different from it. Both organizations seek to rehabilitate addicts. Synanon members usually expect to live out their lives in one of the organization's residences. (Says Synanon Founder Charles Dederich, "I know damn well if they go out of Synanon, they are dead.") The new group, however, believes that its members can look forward to a future as non-addicts. Consequently, the Delancey Street Family asks its members to stay only two years. During that time they learn vocational and business skills designed to sustain them in the outside world.

The family was established in 1971 by John Maher, then 30, and three other ex-addicts. All four had served prison terms, and three were disillusioned dropouts from Synanon. The name they

chose for themselves was inspired by Maher's boyhood on Manhattan's Lower East Side, where, in the 19th century, Delancey Street came to symbolize the self-reliant spirit of Old World immigrants working their way into the mainstream of American life.

The new "immigrants" from the drug world are demonstrating a similar spirit. Last year the group took in \$267,000, including \$82,000 earned by residents holding outside jobs, \$95,000 from family-run enterprises, and \$90,000 in donations. This year they hope to raise their take to a million dollars.

Part of it will come from a restaurant that the family has bought in downtown San Francisco. In preparation for opening day later this month, members are honing their skills in the mansion's huge kitchen and candlelit dining room, where an ex-addict maître d'hôtel conducts family members and their guests to small tables, and waitresses serve them elegantly.

Two major enterprises are already flourishing. One is a moving company headed by Pete Diaz, 29, who grew up in Manhattan's Spanish Harlem and began mainlining heroin at eleven. He learned to drive a tractor-trailer rig when he was twelve, and served five years for armed robbery before he turned 21. At first, Diaz says, "four of us rented trucks from Hertz and moved our friends. Now we've built up to twelve people, the family owns a van, and we cover any job within 100 miles." An equally successful member is Andy Nikolatos, 23, who comes from the Bay Area of San Francisco, committed armed robbery two years ago to feed

his drug habit, and, now on probation, runs a \$45,000-a-year flower business.

Other profitmaking undertakings are auto repair and construction businesses. The family also runs shorthand classes and sends younger members to public trade schools. One student goes to the San Francisco Art Institute; others attend Drew School, a prep school that exchanges scholarships for the labor of Delancey residents. "We know public high school campuses are flooded with narcotics, and we want to protect our kids from that," says Indian-born Mon Sandhu, 27. "That's why we send them to private school."

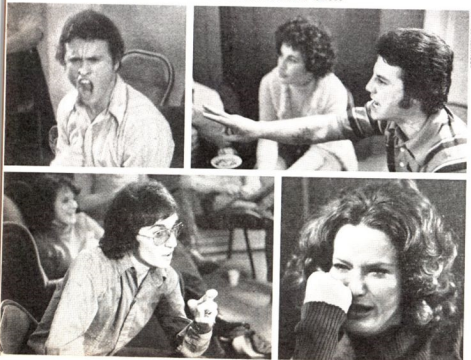
Rough. Although Delancey Street's orientation toward the future sets it apart from Synanon, the new organization is carrying on one old Synanon tradition: subjecting members to rituals of a kind that Sociologist Erving Goffman calls "degradation ceremonies." New male residents are required to shave their heads; women are compelled to go without makeup for as long as six months. All residents must take part in "the circus," Delancey Street's version of the Synanon "game." Under the leadership of a "ringmaster," members indulge in three-hour bouts of name-calling and mutual criticism. Admits Family Member George Lopez: "We put people together by first taking them apart; it can be rough, really rough."

Some specialists consider such tactics destructive. In an American Psychiatric Association study of Synanon and other therapeutic communities, five drug experts observed that if addiction is partly the result of low self-esteem, "one can wonder whether the most appropriate corrective experience is to persuade the person of his worthlessness." Members of Delancey Street, however, defend their rules on the grounds that they provide an opportunity to let off steam, teach humility and prepare the way for a kind of rebirth by erasing an addict's old image of himself.

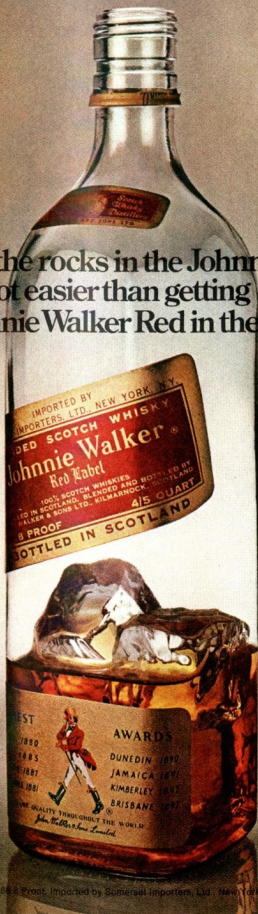
It is too soon to know which side is right. So far, twelve ex-addicts have "graduated" from the family and are said to be drug-free after two to six months in the outside world. Another 13, having held regular full-time jobs for six months, will graduate soon. No family member has been arrested while living on Pacific Heights, and crime in the area has not increased, though hostile neighbors are trying to evict the group on the grounds that they are not really a family and thus are violating zoning regulations.

Prisons in the Bay Area regularly admit Delancey Street residents to screen recruits, and courts sometimes put addict-criminals on probation if they join the family. Says San Francisco County Sheriff Richard Hongisto: "Delancey Street doesn't cost the taxpayers money and it's not bureaucratic. It is reasonably humane—it doesn't keep people locked up. And it has had a reasonable degree of success. Few rehabilitation programs do as well."

MEMBERS OF DELANCEY STREET FAMILY TAKING PART IN "CIRCUS"



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	Brand D	4%
	Brand E	3%
	Brand F	2%
	Brand G	2%
	Brand H	2%
	Brand I	1%
	Other Brands	3%
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